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"The Making of Religion."

I.

SOME twelve years since we read Mr. Tylor's well-known and able work on *Primitive Culture*, and were much impressed with the evident fair-mindedness and courageous impartiality which distinguished the author so notably from the Clodds, the Allens, the Langs, and other popularizers of the uncertain results of evolution-philosophy. For this very reason we made a careful analysis of the whole work, and more particularly of his "animistic" hypothesis, and laid it aside, waiting, according to our wont, for further light bearing upon a difficulty wherewith we felt ourselves then incompetent to deal. This further light has been to some extent supplied to us by Mr. Andrew Lang's *Making of Religion*, which deals mainly with that theory of animism which is propounded by Mr. Tylor, and unhesitatingly accepted, dogmatically preached, and universally assumed, by the crowd of sciolists who follow like jackals in the lion's wake.

Without denying the value of our conceptions of God and of the human soul, Mr. Tylor believes that these conceptions, however true in themselves, originated on the part of primitive man in fallacious reasoning from the data of dreams and of like states of illusory vision. He assumes, perhaps with some truth, that the distinction between dream and reality is more faintly marked in the less developed mind; in the child than in the adult, in the savage than in the civilized man. Hence a belief arises in a filmy phantasmal self that wanders abroad in sleep and leaves the body untenanted, and meets and converses with other phantasmal selves. Nor is it hard to see how death, being viewed as a permanent sleep, should be ascribed to the final abandonment of the body by its "dream-stuff" occupant. Whether as dreaded or loved or both, this ever-gathering crowd of disembodied spirits wins for itself a certain *cultus* of praise and propitiation, and reverence, and is humoured with food-offerings and similar sacrifices. Nor is it long before the form

of an earthly polity is transferred to that unearthly city of the dead, till for one reason or another some jealous ghost gains a monarchic supremacy over his brethren, and thus polytheism gives place to monotheism. It need not be that this supreme deity is always conceived as a defunct ancestor, once embodied, but no longer in the body. Rather it would seem that the primitive savage, having once arrived at the conception of a ghost, passes by generalization to that of incorporeal beings unborn and undying, of spirits whose presence and power is revealed in stocks and stones, or in idols shaped humanwise—spirits who preside over trees, rivers, and elements, over species and classes and departments of Nature, over tribes and peoples and nations; until, as before, the struggle for existence or some other cause gives supremacy to some one god fittest to survive either through being more conceivable, or more powerful, or in some other way more popular than the rest of the pantheon.

Again, it is assumed that the gods of primitive man are non-ethical, that they do not "make for righteousness;" that they are at most jealous powers to be feared and propitiated. When the savage speaks of a god as good, he only means "favourable to me," "on my side"; he does not mean "good to me if I am good." God is conceived first as power and force; then as non-moral wisdom, or cunning, and only in the very latest developments as holy and just and loving.

Starting with the assumptions of evolutionists, the theory is plausible enough. Nor is it inconceivable that God, without using error and evil directly as a means to truth and good, should passively permit error for the sake of the truth that He foresees will come out of it. Astrology was not incipient astronomy; nor was alchemy primitive chemistry; the end and aim in each case was wholly different. Yet the pseudo-science gave birth to the true; as false premises often lead by bad logic to sound conclusions. Totemism, "a perfectly crazy and degrading belief," says Mr. Lang, "rendered possible—nay, inevitable—the union of hostile groups into large and relatively peaceful tribal societies. . . . We should never have educated the world thus; and we do not see why it should have been thus done. But we are very anthropomorphic, and totally ignorant of the conditions of the problem." In like manner it might have been, that God willed to let men wander through the slums and backways of animism into the open road of theism.

But our concern is not with what might have been, but with what was.

Mr. Lang contends, first, that belief in spirits and in a circumambient spiritual world, more probably originated in certain real or imaginary experiences of supernormal phenomena, than in a fallacious explanation of dreams; then, that belief in a supreme god is most probably not derived from or dependent upon belief in ghosts.

Consistently with the whole trend of his thought in his recent works connected with psychical research, in *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, in *Cock-Lane and Common-Sense*, Mr. Lang begins by entering a protest against the attitude observed towards the subject by contemporary science, especially by anthropology, which, as having been so lately "in the same condemnation," might be expected to show itself superior to that injustice which it had itself so much reason to complain of. Yet anthropology, abandoning the first principles of modern science, still refuses to listen to the facts alleged by psychical research, and justifies its refusal on Hume's oft-exploded fallacy, namely, on an *à priori* conviction of their impossibility and therefore of their non-occurrence.

However wide the range of experience upon which physical generalizations are based, it can never be so wide as on this score alone to prove the inherent possibility of exceptions; more especially when we consider the confinement of the human race to what is relatively a momentary existence on a whirling particle of dust in a sandstorm. There may indeed be abundant evidence of a certain impetus or tendency enduring from a comparatively distant and indefinite past and making for an equally indefinite future; but there is not, cannot be evidence against the possibility of interference from other laws whose paths, at points unknown and incalculable, intersect those followed by the (to us) ordinary course of events.

And in this wholesome agnosticism we are confirmed when we see that while some animals are deprived of certain senses which we possess, and all of them of the gift of reason, others are apparently endowed with senses unknown to us, and are taught by seeming instincts which surpass what reason could effect; whence we may infer that the likelihood of our being *en rapport* with the greater part of the *possible* phenomena amidst which we live, or of our possessing all possible senses or the best of those possible, is

infinitely small. What a magician a man with eyes would be among a race of sightless men ; or a man with ears among a deaf population ! How studiously would the scientists explain the effects of sight as produced by subtilty of hearing ; and those of hearing as due to abnormal sensitiveness in some other respect !

But though there be no *à priori* impossibility in deviations from the beaten track, yet there is a certain *à priori* improbability which may seem to justify those who refuse to go into alleged instances of the supernormal. There is a story against Thomas Aquinas, that on being invited by a frisky brother-monk to come and see a cow flying, or some such marvel, he gravely came and saw not, but expressed himself far more astounded at the miracle that a religious man should say "the thing which was not." This is certainly a glorious antithesis to Hume's position. Whether we take it to illustrate the Saint's extreme lack of humour, or a subtler depth of humour veiled under stolidity, or his rigorous veracity, or his guileless confidence in the veracity of others, we certainly cannot approve it as an example of the attitude we ought to observe with regard to every newly recounted marvel. Truly there might be more liberality, more enlightenment, more imagination in such a ready credulity, than in the wall-eyed, ear-stopping scepticism of popular science ; but the mere inner possibility of a recounted marvel does not oblige us to search into the matter unless the evidence offered bear some reasonable proportion to the burden it has to support. That this is the case as regards crystal-gazing, telepathy, possession, and kindred manifestation, is what Mr. Lang contends ; nor would he have any quarrel with the anthropologists were they not fully impressed with the importance of similar or even weaker cumulative evidence for conclusions which happen to be in harmony with their preconceived hypotheses. Where such evidence exists it must be faced, and at least its existence must be explained.

True criticism should either account for the seeming breach of uniformity, by reducing it to law ; or else should show how the assertion if false ever gained credence ; but in no case is it scientific to put aside, on an *à priori* assumption, evidence that is offered from all sides in great abundance. Psychic research is daily applying to that tangled mass of world-wide evidence, ancient and modern, for the existence of an X-region of

experience those same critical and historical principles which created modern science. Men who, as often as not, have no religion or no superstition themselves, see that both religion and superstition are universal phenomena, and cannot be neglected by those who would study humanity historically and scientifically. Even if there be nothing in hallucinations, apparitions, scrying, second-sight, poltergeists, and the rest, there is a great deal in the fact that belief in these things is as wide and as old as the world; it is a fact to be explained. "Each man," says Meister, "commonly defends himself as long as possible from casting out the idols which he worships in his soul; from acknowledging a master error; and admitting any truth that brings him to despair;" and indeed a system as complete and compact as that of Mr. Spencer or Mr. Tylor is apt to become an intellectual idol forbidding under pain of infidelity all inquiries that might cause it to totter on its throne, or which might unravel in an instant what has been woven by years of hard and honest thought. Few of us are in a position to cast stones on this score; still, recognizing the weakness more clearly in others than in ourselves, we are justified in reckoning with it, and in discounting for the unwillingness of men of science to listen to facts inconsistent with long-cherished theories, and for their tendency to accumulate and magnify evidence on the other side. "If the facts not fitting their theories are little observed by authorities so popular as Mr. Huxley and Mr. Spencer; if *instantiæ contradictoriæ* are ignored by them, or left vague; if these things are done in the green tree, we may easily imagine what shall be done in the dry. But we need not war with hasty *vulgarisateurs* and headlong theorists."¹

We cannot for a moment question the sincerity of purpose and honesty of intention of many of the leaders of modern scientific enlightenment, whatever we may think of the said crowd of *vulgarisateurs*—those camp-followers who bring disgrace on every respectable cause. But beside wilful bias and unfairness, there is unconscious bias from which none of us are free, but from which we need to be delivered by mutual criticism; for, however much a man can see of himself, he can never get behind his own back. Of such unwitting dishonesty men of thought are abundantly guilty, when deeming themselves to be governed only by reason, they are in fact slaves to some intel-

¹ P. 47.

lectual fashion of the day. Not one of them in a thousand would dare to appear in public with the clothes of last century, or to face the laughter of a crowd of his compeers. Hence a certain indocility and rigidity of mind which they only escape who live out of the fashion or have strength to lead it or to live above it. Simple, whether from greatness or littleness, they escape the narrowing influence inseparable from being identified, even in their own mind, with a school or coterie; and can afford to say things as they see them.

Contemporary fashion says at present that there are to be no miracles, nothing supernormal; whatever cannot be reduced in any way to known laws and causes can be flatly denied, for the supposition of unknown causes and laws is rank heresy. Until more recent years, it was not permitted to listen to or show any disposition to investigate the narratives of phenomena which have since been "explained" and reduced to such legalized causes as hysteria or hypnotism, and even (of late) to thought-transference. But since this happy reconciliation has been effected, such stories are allowed to be believed on ordinary evidence, although the accounts of other "unclassed" supernormal marvels coming from the same lips with the same attestation are still brushed aside as traveller's tales, or as the puerilities of hagiography—not worth a thought. One would think that some kind of apology or reparation were due to ecclesiastical tradition, which was credited with wholesale lying so long as its recorded wonders were classed among impossibilities by the intellectual fashion-mongers, but it seems we have only partly escaped the reproach of knavery to incur that of wholesale folly for not having seen that these apparent miracles were but forms of hysteria or hypnotism.

Yet what is hysteria and what does it really explain?¹ Surely the etymology throws no light on the subject! Is it then merely a name for the unknown cause of phenomena every whit as strange as those which were held incredible till

¹ "A hysterical fit indicates a lamentable instability of the nervous system. But it is by no means certain *à priori* that every symptom of that instability, without exception, will be of a degenerative kind. The nerve-storm, with its unwonted agitations, may possibly lay bare some deep-lying capacity in us which could scarcely otherwise have come to light. Recent experiments on both sensation and memory in certain abnormal states have added plausibility to this view, and justify us in holding that in spite of its frequent association with hysteria, ecstasy is not necessarily in itself a morbid symptom." (F. W. H. Myers, *Tennyson as a Prophet*.)

their like had been actually witnessed and forced upon the unwilling eyes of science beyond all possibility of denial? Is it that science blindly refused even to weigh the evidence for abnormal facts till the same or similar had become matters of personal observation? Is it that every reported breach of her assumed uniformities is incredible, because impossible, until the possibility has been proved by some fact which is then named, Latinized, erected into a class, a cause, a law, and used to explain away similar facts formerly denied, and is thus taken into that bundle of generalizations called the "laws of nature"? The ancients assumed all heavenly motion to be circular of necessity, and where facts gave against them, they patched the matter up with an epicycloid or two. Are not hysteria, hypnotism, and thought-transference of the nature of epicycloids? It is now confessed that the mind can so affect and dominate the body as to produce blisters and wounds by mere force of suggestion and expectancy; that a like "faith" can cure, not only such ailments as are clearly connected with the nerves, but others when such connection is not as yet traceable. And this is supposed to tell in some way against like marvels reported by hagiology, as though they were explained by being observed and named. Yet what did that supposed marvellousness consist in, except in a seeming revelation of the power and superiority of mind over matter, and of things unseen over things seen and palpable; and in proving that there were more wonders in heaven and earth than were dreamt of by a crude and self-satisfied materialism? They were taken as evidence of a circumambient X-region where the laws of mechanics were set at defiance and where the fetters of time and place were loosened or cast aside. Such an X-region being supposed by every supernatural religion and denied by most of those who deny religion, and on the same grounds, its establishment by any kind of experiment is rightly considered in some sort to make for religion. Indeed, it is just on this account that the evidence for it is so opposed by those who are pre-occupied by the anti-religious bias of contemporary science. But unless hysterical effects can be shown to be ultimately due, not to mind, but to matter acting on matter according to methods approved by materialism, hysteria remains a word-cause and no more, like the meat-cooking quality of the roasting-jack.

Hypnotism is a kindred cause in every way. It means

sleep-ism ; yet manifestly it deals with characteristics which are utterly unlike those of sleep ; and it is precisely these that need to be explained away into conformity with received laws, unless we are to find in these phenomena evidence of such modes of being and operation as every kind of religion postulates. "Possession" is of course a fable ; the superabundant world-wide, world-old evidence for the phenomenon was thrust aside without a glance till hypnotic experiments brought to light what is called "alternating personality." As though this name had explained everything in accordance with materialism, forthwith it was permitted to believe the aforesaid evidence, provided one laughed loudly enough at the theory of "possession." It is allowed that the hypnotic patient may in some sense be said to be "possessed" by the hypnotiser for the time being ; nay, even a certain chronic possession of this kind is observable. But an invisible hypnotiser and possession by a disembodied spirit is still out of fashion, notwithstanding all Mrs. Piper's efforts and Dr. Hodgson's audacious declaration of his not very willing belief that those who speak through her "are veritably the personalities that they claim to be, and that they have survived the change we call death."

Thought-transference, however, promises to be a potent and popular solvent of psychic problems. Thought-transference was a supremely ludicrous supposition till comparatively recently ; nor could there be any credible testimony for what was known antecedently to be quite impossible. But some way or other, facts which demanded a name were forced upon the direct observation of science, and so Mr. F. Podmore has written a book in which, assuming thought-transference to be a scientifically recognized possibility, he proceeds to reduce many of the marvels collected by the S. P. R. to that simple and obvious cause, and to reject the residue on the sound old principle that what is known to be impossible cannot be true. Hallucinations, solitary and collective, and other perplexing instances are tortured into cases of thought-transfer with an ingenuity which we should smile at in a mediæval scholastic explaining the universe by the four elements and the four temperaments. But is not thought-transference itself lamentably unscientific ? No ; because we see that unconnected magnets affect one another sympathetically ; and the brain being a sort of magnet may well affect distant brains. Thought is a kind of electricity, and electricity, if not exactly a fluid, yet may some day be liquified

and bottled. At all events, science has seen something very remotely analogous to thought-transference and every whit as unintelligible and antecedently incredible till observed; and therefore it is permissible to listen to the evidence for it, and if forced thereto, to accept the fact.

But have we really disposed of ghosts if we prove the appearance to be caused by a subjective modification of the perceiver's sensorium and not by a modification of the external medium—the air or the ether? Since it is a question of a spiritual substance independent of spatial dimensions and relations, said to be present only so far and where its effects and manifestations are present, what does it matter whether it reports itself by an effect outside or inside the percipient—whether it be a "vision sensible to feeling, as to sight," or but "a false creation proceeding from a heat-oppressed brain"? Is not this very distinction of outside and inside in the matter of perceptions open to no slight ambiguity? The savage, familiar with the electric sparks caused by the friction of deer-skins, ascribes the *aurora borealis* to the friction of a jostling herd of celestial deer. "Nonsense," says science, after centuries of false hypotheses, "it is nothing more nor less than electricity." This is very much the way she is dealing with the supernormal at present; brushing aside as wholly nonsensical, beliefs that enveloped a core of useful fact in a wrapping of crude explanation, and then receiving the same facts as new discoveries, because she has fitted them into an involucre more to her own liking, though perhaps but little less crude. "Not deer-skin," says science, "but amber; not miracle, but faith-cure; not prophetic insight, but thought-transference; not apparition, but hallucination." And so with the rest.

Considering then the bias of the dominant scientific school, which makes it refuse even to examine the carefully gathered evidence of the S.P.R.; we need not wonder if the reports of travellers concerning the existence of like phenomena among savages and barbarians all over the world are dismissed with a certain *à priori* superciliousness. Yet surely, on evolutionist principles, the only possible clue to the mode in which belief in spirits and in God may have originated with "primitive man," is the mode in which those beliefs are actually now sustained, and, so to say, "proved" by the most primitive specimens of existing humanity; by, for example, those bushmen of Australia whose facial angle and cerebral capacity is supposed to leave no room

for much difference between their mind and that of the higher anthropoids. Doubtless it is hard to get anything like scientific evidence out of people so uncultivated, whose language and modes of conception are so alien to our own. Individual travellers, moreover, have been the victims of their own credulity, stupidity, self-conceit, and prejudice. "But the best testimony of the truth of the reports as to the actual belief in the facts, is the undesigned coincidence of the evidence from all quarters. When the stories brought by travellers, ancient and modern, learned and unlearned, pious or sceptical, agree in the main, we have all the certainty that anthropology can offer."¹

From this ever-growing mass of evidence, it would appear that the universal belief among savages in a spirit-world is mainly strengthened and sustained, not by the phenomena of dreaming, but by what Mr. Spencer would call "alleged" supernormal manifestations, such as those of clairvoyance, crystal-gazing, apparitions, "miracles," "prophecies," possession, and the like. For belief in such marvels exists beyond doubt, and furnishes a very obvious and logical basis for the further belief in the invisible causes of these visible effects; nor should we have recourse to an hypothetical and more indirect explanation of belief in a spirit-world when an actual and direct explanation is at hand. If we see the branch growing out of the tree, we need not inquire what trunk it sprang from, unless we have strong evidence that it is only a graft. All investigation tends to show that savages believe in spirits and the spirit-world because they witness, or firmly believe they witness, supernormal phenomena.

Besides this, it must be allowed that together with the *normal* phenomena of dreaming, there are abnormal dreams which even to cultivated minds seem at times as supernormal as second-sight or prophecy. But it is not on supernormal, but on normal dreams that animists base their explanation. We need not deny that dreams and delirium may have given palpable shape to the conception of a ghost, and may also have helped forward the notion of a spirit by furnishing something intermediary between the grossness of our waking sense-experiences, and the altogether elusive and difficult thought of unembodied will and intelligence independent of space and time.

In the main then it seems more plausible to maintain that the idea of unembodied or disembodied spirits was shaped by that

¹ P. 8.

instinctive law of our mind which makes us argue from the nature of effects to the nature of the agency. The first impulse would be to ascribe every intelligent effect to some human agency, but other circumstances would subsequently incline the savage reluctantly to divest the agent of one or more of the limitations of humanity, and to clothe him with preter-human attributes. Nearly all the supernormal phenomena believed in by primitive man—so far as we can judge of him from contemporary savagery—would suggest the agency of an invisible man; clairvoyance, and other manifestations of preternatural knowledge, would suggest independence of the senses in the acquisition of knowledge; every kind of "miracle" would bespeak an extension of power over physical nature beyond human wont; while all these together would point to that freedom from the trammels of space and time, which is of the very essence of immaterial or spiritual subsistence. Thus, by a gradual process of dehumanization, the mind would be instinctively led from the notion of a man magnified in all excellences and refined from all limitations, to the conception of spirit. But coexistently with this progress of the reason, the imagination would ever strain to clothe the thought in bodily form as far as possible, and would cling to the notions suggested by dreams and waking hallucinations, while language, after its wont, would speak of the spirit as the *umbra*, the *imago*, the shadow, the breath, the attenuated replica of the body. Thus we find among all men, savage and civilized, a certain unsteadiness in their notion of spirit, whether created or divine—a continual tendency to corruption and anthropomorphism, due to the conflict between reason and imagination, resulting so often in the domination of the latter.

For this view of the subject it is not necessary that we should admit the preternatural character of the phenomena which form the subject-matter of psychical research, but only that we should acknowledge the hardly disputable fact that belief in such marvels is universal and persistent among savages—a fact which science is bound by its own principles to explain, and not to ignore. Whether, as Mr. Lang seems inclined to think, among much illusion, chicanery, and ignorance, there may not be truth enough to make the inference of an X-world legitimate, whether the said universality, persistence, and recrudescence of this seeming credulity can be accounted for in any other satisfactory way, is a further consideration. If in some dim fashion

the Northern Indians anticipated modern science in their explanation of the *aurora borealis*, connecting it with familiar electric manifestations, may it not be, asks Mr. Lang, that in their inference from supernormal facts which experimental science refuses to hear of or to examine, they have again been sagaciously beforehand? Doubtless their explanation is crude and inadequate in both cases; but is it much more so than that offered by supposing electricity to be a fluid subject to currents; or by assigning many inexplicable psychic phenomena to "hysteria"—a mere word-cause?

The supposition is somewhat favoured if we give ear to that crowd of witnesses whose combined evidence, duly discounted and tested, makes it clear that even among those who ought to have been civilized out of all belief in aught behind the veil, the very same superstitions break out, or creep in, time after time, with new names perhaps, new clothes, new faces, but in substance identical with those held by what we esteem the most benighted races.

Further, it is evident that savages pay attention—over-attention, no doubt—to these supernormal phenomena, being free from hostile philosophic bias in the matter, and bent the other way; and that in consequence they have everywhere observed, classified, and systematized them in their own rude, simple way, and have thus forestalled what the S.P.R., in the teeth of science, is now endeavouring to do scientifically. With us, moreover, it is mere chance that reveals a "medium," or hypnotic subject here and there: but with savages they are sought out diligently, and all who have any latent aptitude that way are detected and utilized; and thus the field of their experience is considerably widened.

But besides all this, it seems more than plausible to suppose that among primitive and undeveloped races such preternatural phenomena either occur, or seem to occur, much more frequently and extensively; and that apparently supernormal faculties are more often developed.

Nor can this be explained solely on the score of their readier credulity and their lack of criticism; for there is good evidence to show that the development of the rational and self-directive faculties is at the sacrifice of those instinctive and intuitional modes of operation which do duty for them while man is yet in a state of pupillage. Memory, for example, is fresher and more assimilative in childhood, but deteriorates very often as the higher

faculties come into use ; and indeed we cannot fail to see how the introduction of printing, writing, and mnemonic arts and artifices of all kinds, has lowered the average power of civilized memory, and made the ordinary feats of more primitive times seem to us magical and incredible. We also notice the high development of hearing, sight, and other forms of perception among savages who live by their five senses rather than by their wits. When we descend to the animal-world we are confronted by cognitive faculties whose effects we see, but of whose precise nature we can form no conjecture whatever. That which guides the migratory birds in their wanderings, and simulates polity in the bee-hive and ant-hill, is not reason, but is something for practical purposes far better than reason. Putting a number of these and of similar considerations together seems to suggest that development in the direction of self-instruction (which is reason) and self-management and personal independence is loss as well as gain.

What we gain is no doubt our own in a truer sense than that we had when we hung upon Nature's breast, and were guided passively by instincts and intuitions to purposes that reason can never reach to.

By far the most wonderful and seemingly intelligent work of the soul is that by which it builds up, nourishes, repairs, developes, and finally reproduces the body it dwells in. Yet in all this it is almost as passive and unconscious as a vegetable. The effect is (as far as our comprehension of it goes) altogether preternatural and inexplicable ; yet it is far less *our* effect than what we do by reason and by taking thought. What we pay for in dignity we lose in efficiency. While Nature carries us in her arms we move swiftly enough, but when she sets us on our feet to learn independence and self-rule, we cut a sorry figure. In our helplessness she does all for us as though we were yet part of her ; but in the measure that we are weaned and begin to fend for ourselves as responsible agents, we are deprived of the aids and easements befitting the childhood of our race.

If this be true, if man in his primitive state possessed intuitive powers which have sunk into abeyance, either through the diversion of psychic energy to the development of other powers, or through desuetude, or as the instincts of the new-born babe are lost when their brief purpose is fulfilled ; if the occasional recrudescence of these powers among civilized peoples is really a survival of an earlier state ; then indeed we can understand

that the evidence, or apparent evidence, for the existence of an X-region, or spirit-world, may have been immeasurably more abundant in the infancy of the human race, than it is now even among contemporary savages.

Put it how we will, it cannot be denied that belief in divination, in diabolic possession, and in magic, has largely contributed to belief in spirits; and that to ignore this contribution by throwing the whole burden on ordinary dreams is unscientific. During sleep Mr. Tylor himself is as much a prey to delusion as the most primitive savage; but the criteria by which on waking we condemn *most* of our dreams as illusions, seem really as accessible and obvious to the child or savage as to the philosopher; though the former through carelessness or poverty of language will perhaps say: "I saw," instead of: "I dreamt I saw." Children will speak as it were historically of even their day-dreams and imaginings, not from any untruthfulness or wish to deceive, but from that romancing tendency rightly reprehended in their elders, who should be alive to the conventional value of language. But the first and most natural use of speech is simply to express and embody the thought that is in us, not to assert, or affirm, or to instruct others. The child's romancing is not intended as assertion, although so taken by prosaic adults. It is from the same instinct which lies at the back of his eternal monologue, of the "Let's pretend" by which he is for the moment transformed into a soldier, or a steam-engine, or a horse. Eye-reading without articulation is impossible for the beginner, and thought that is not talked and acted is impossible for the child. Yet deeply as the child is wrapped up in his dreams, there is nothing more certain than that he is as clear as any adult as to the difference between romance and fact; and so it is no doubt with the savage, who can hardly be denied to have at least as much reason as an average child.

Closer study of the savage points to the conclusion that the civilized man falls into the same error in his regard as many adults do with respect to children, whom they fail hopelessly to interpret through lack of imagination, and to whom they are but tedious and ridiculous when they would fain be instructive and amusing; forgetting that the difference between the two stages of life is rather in the size of the toys played with, than in the way they are regarded. So too we are apt to look on foreign, and still more on savage language, symbolism, ways, and customs, as indicative of a far more radical difference and

greater inferiority of mental constitution and ethical instincts than really exists. Mr. Kidd, in his book on Social Evolution, has contended with some plausibility that the brain-power of the Bushman and of the Cockney is much on a par at starting, and that the subsequent divergence is due chiefly to education and moral training; and certainly much of the evidence brought forward in Mr. Lang's volume seems to look that way. If the aboriginal Australian has a faith in the immortality of the soul and in a supreme God, the rewarder of righteousness, if he summarizes the laws of God under the precept of unselfishness; if in all this he is but a type of the universal savage, surely it were well if some of the missionary zeal which is devoted to supplying the heathen with Bibles which they cannot understand, were turned to the work of bringing our own godless millions up to their religious level.

But this takes us to the second and still more interesting part of *The Making of Religion*, which we hope to discuss in a subsequent article. At present we only wish to insist that it is a mistake to assume that because savages and children are, when compared with ourselves, so little, therefore, their thoughts and ideas can be understood with little difficulty. Contrariwise, as the apparent difference in life and language is greater, the deeper and more patient investigation will it need to detect that radical sameness of mental and moral constitutions which binds men together far more than diversity of education and environment can ever separate them. It is, therefore, exceedingly unlikely that either the child or the savage should, by failing to distinguish between dream and reality, introduce into his whole life that incoherence which is just the distinguishing characteristic of dreaming and lunacy. And, as a fact, do we really find the savage as depressed on waking by a dreamt of calamity as by a real one; or as elated after a visionary scalping of his foes as after a real victory? Does he on waking look for the said scalps among his collection of trophies, and is he perplexed and incensed at not finding them? Even if, like ourselves, he has occasionally a very vivid and coherent dream reconcileable with his waking circumstances, will he not judge of it by the vast majority of his dreams which are palpable illusions, and not by the few exceptional cases? If at times we ourselves doubt whether we witnessed something or dreamt it, yet we do so not because the seeming fact is one which makes for the existence of another world of a different order to this, but for the very

contrary reason. If the savage only dreamt of the dead, he might find in this an evidence of their survival, but he dreams far more often of the living, and that, with circumstances which make the illusion manifest on waking. Seeing the awe and terror which all men have of the supernatural region, we ought, on the animistic hypothesis, to find among savages a great reluctance to go to bed—"to sleep! Perchance to dream—aye, there's the rub!" But we do not. Finally, just as the Chinese, who are supposed to mistake epilepsy for possession, have, unfortunately for the supposition, got two distinct words for the two phenomena, so it will doubtless be found that there is no savage who has not some word to express illusion; or whose language does not prove that he knows dreams are but dreams. We may well doubt if even animals on waking are affected by their dreams as by realities, or if a dog ever bit a man for a kick received in a dream. In short the dream-theory of souls is plausible only in the gross, but melts away under closer examination bit by bit.

Whether the S.P.R. will ever succeed in bottling a ghost, and in submitting it to the tests necessary to convince science, matters little. The real fruit of its labours will be to "convince men of sin," to convict science of being unscientific, and criticism of being uncritical in being biassed by fashion to the extent of refusing to examine evidence which must be either admitted or explained away. Scepticism and credulity alike are hostile both to science and to religion, and it is the common interest of these latter to secure a full recognition, on the one side of the principle of faith, that with God all things are possible; and on the other, of the principle of science which is: to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. Credulity tends to make the actual co-extensive with the possible; while scepticism would limit the possible to the known actual. The true mind would be one in which faith and criticism were so tempered as to secure width without slovenliness, and exactitude without narrowness.

G. TYRRELL.

The High History of the Holy Graal.

DURING a period of some fifty years, the last quarter of the twelfth and the first quarter of the thirteenth centuries, an intense and unearthly light shone upon the romance and poetry of the Middle Ages from "the city of Sarra in the spiritual place;" and, in its mystical rays, the legends of Arthur and his knights—*Arturi regis ambages pulcerrimæ*, as Dante calls them in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*—were ennobled and transfigured.

Hear ye the history of the most holy vessel that is called Graal, wherein the precious blood of the Saviour was received on the day that He was put on rood and crucified in order that He might redeem His people from the pains of hell. Josephus set it in remembrance by annunciation of the voice of an angel, for that the truth might be known by his writing of good knights and good worshipful men how they were willing to suffer pain and to travail for the setting forward of the Law of Jesus Christ, that He willed to make new by His death and by His crucifixion.

Thus opens one of the most delightful of old French romances, *Perceval le Gallois*, which has recently been translated into English by Dr. Sebastian Evans, under the title of the *High History of the Holy Graal*, and for which he makes the somewhat strange claim that it is "not only the most coherent and poetic of all the many versions of the legend, but also the first and most authentic."¹ But, although the unknown author has in many respects adopted an earlier form of the story than that which Sir Thomas Malory has made familiar to English readers, he wrote, according to Dr. Evans himself, not long before 1220. Chrestien de Troyes wrote his *Conte del Graal* about 1190; the *Queste del Saint Graal*, ascribed to Walter Mapes, and which Malory followed in the five books of the *Morte Darthur* which deal with the Sangreal, was probably

¹ *The High History of the Holy Graal*. Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. London: Dent.

composed shortly before the close of the twelfth, and the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach soon after the opening of the thirteenth century. Nevertheless, though probably later than these in date, this prose *Perceval* is of the greatest value to all lovers of the Arthurian legend. As Mr. Alfred Nutt remarks in his exhaustive *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, its author is "in some respects the most theologically minded of all the writers of the cycle." And it has been rendered by Dr. Evans in a charmingly archaic English, based upon Malory, and even at times catching something of the fascination of the inimitable style of that first great master of English prose in the greatest of mediæval romances which he compiled and re-wrote for Englishmen, just before mediæval England came to an end with the Wars of the Roses upon Bosworth Field.

It would be hard to decide which of the three chief versions of the story of the Graal has the greatest poetic beauty or the noblest ethical significance. Some critics have been disposed to award the palm to Wolfram von Eschenbach, for the wondrous story that the mysterious Provençal, Kiot, learned in Toledo from the Arabian seer Flegetanis :

And the heathen, Flegetanis, could read in the heavens high
How the stars roll on their courses, how they circle the silent sky,
And the time when their wandering endeth—and the life and the lot of
men

He read in the stars, and strange secrets he saw, and he spake again
Low, with bated breath and fearful, of the thing that is called the Graal,
In a cluster of stars was it written, the name, nor their lore shall fail.
And he quoth thus, "A host of angels this marvel to earth once bore,
But too pure for earth's sin and sorrow the heaven they sought once
more,

And the sons of baptized men hold It, and guard It with humble heart,
And the best of mankind shall those knights be who have in such
service part.¹

Wolfram represents the Graal as a celestial stone, *lapis exilis*, which those angels who fought neither for God nor for Lucifer brought down from Heaven and tended for a while upon earth. Afterwards it was kept in the mystical Castle of Monsalväsche, guarded by a brotherhood of knights and maidens chosen by Itself. By the virtue and power of this stone Its chosen servants, gathered from every land to this service, are nourished and live in perpetual youth, until the time comes for them to

¹ Miss Weston's translation (*Parzival, a knightly epic*. By Wolfram von Eschenbach. Translated by Jessie L. Weston. London: Nutt).

pass from this anticipation of Paradise to the very Heaven itself. From Monsalväsch knights go forth to champion the oppressed, and to supply states with ideal rulers. In Wolfram's poem the connection of the Graal with the Last Supper and the Blessed Sacrament is merely an indirect one; Its powers are renewed by the visits of a Dove who lays a Host upon the stone:

For ever upon Good Friday a messenger takes her way.
From the height of the highest Heaven a Dove on her flight doth wing,
And a Host, so white and holy, she unto the stone doth bring.
And she layeth It down upon It; and white as the Host the Dove
That, her errand done, swift wingeth her way to the Heaven above.
Thus ever upon Good Friday doth it chance as I tell to thee;
And the stone from the Host receiveth all good that on earth may be
Of food or of drink, the earth bareth as the fulness of Paradise.
All wild things in wood or in water, and all that 'neath Heaven flies,
To that brotherhood are they given, a pledge of God's favour fair,
For His servants He ever feedeth and the Graal for their needs doth care.

This conception of the Graal is peculiar to Wolfram. It is usually more directly connected with the Passion, as we find it both in the *High History* and in the *Morte Darthur*: the vessel used by our Lord at the Last Supper, in which Joseph of Arimathea, "that had been a soldier of Pilate's seven years," received the Blood that flowed from Christ's wounds as He hung upon the Cross, and which he finally after much labour and tribulation brought to Britain. It is mainly with regard to the achievement of the Graal that the *High History* differs from Malory's *Morte Darthur*. In the latter It is achieved by three knights, Galahad, Perceval, and Bors; the number three being perhaps connected with the legend told by Robert de Borron, that, when Christ brought the Graal to Joseph in prison, He directed him to have three guardians for It, in honour of the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. In the former, as also in Wolfram's *Parzival*, the winner of the Graal is Perceval alone, the son of the Widow Lady; though Gawain is to some extent associated with him and allowed the closer vision of the Vessel and the Lance, which is denied even to Lancelot.

This *High History of the Holy Graal* may be said to represent an intermediate stage in Arthurian romance, the transition from the earlier versions to those which represent less primitive and later forms of Arthurian legend, and which are reproduced in Malory's immortal work. In those romances and poems which, even if late in date, represent an earlier form of

the story, Gawain is the ideal of earthly chivalry, the noblest and most perfect knight of the Round Table; while Perceval is the spiritual hero, the winner of the Holy Graal. In those romances and poems, on the other hand, which, even if early in date, represent a later form, Lancelot has eclipsed Gawain (whose character is frequently rather blackened) as the mirror of knighthood, the "head of all Christian knights," "the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman;" while his son, the angelical maiden knight Galahad, has taken the place of Perceval in the achievement of the Graal. In both these respects the intermediate character of the *High History* is very clearly seen. Gawain and Perceval are the two heroes, as in the earlier versions, the former as the most perfect and chivalrous of sinful earthly champions, the latter as the achiever of the Sangreal. But in each case the process of dethronement has commenced. Perceval has been invested with the asceticism and virginity of Galahad (which is not the case in the poems of Chrestien and Wolfram), although he still acknowledges the more earthly ties of duty towards his mother and sister, Yglais and Dindrane; Lancelot has appeared upon the scenes and is beginning to displace Gawain. The first stage of this displacement is seen in Lancelot's adventure at the Waste City. Lancelot comes to a great ruined city, in which invisible knights and ladies are heard lamenting. Here he is forced to cut off the head of a comely young knight, first taking a solemn oath that he will return within a year and place his own head in the same peril. On the appointed day, Lancelot returns to face death in fulfilment of his knightly word, and thus frees the Waste City from the enchantment under which it lies; the city is peopled again with the fairest folk in the world, and its streets are thronged with processions giving thanks to God. This episode is only a rather unusual form of an adventure, Celtic in origin, which belongs of right to Gawain.¹ This is the only instance of its being assigned to Lancelot, although the earliest French version gives it to another nephew of Arthur's, Carados. Another version, more familiar to students of English literature, is told in the fourteenth century metrical romance, *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight*, where the unknown challenger is not really killed, and the trial of Gawain's constancy and courage does not lead to the deliverance of a city, but merely points a moral concerning perfect loyalty.

¹ See *The Legend of Sir Gawain*. By Jessie L. Weston. London: Nutt.

Rarely has a great poet been guilty of so unhappy an invention as Tennyson when, in his *Balin and Balan*, he represented the descendant of Joseph of Arimathea as a mere hypocrite and impostor. King Fisherman, who keeps the Graal and the Lance in the *High History*, the nephew of Joseph, is "the best King that liveth on earth, and the most loyal and the most righteous." His castle is full of holiness and sweetness, where holy hermits, ancient knights and pure damsels, live in the blessed service of the Graal. Into its sacrosanct chapel, where the Holy Graal appears, the flame of the Holy Spirit descends every day, and the Mother of God herself abides there at intervals while the service of the Graal is performed. But because his nephew Perceval, the Best Knight of the world, coming unrecognized to the Graal Castle, neglected to ask concerning It and the Lance, "whereof the point bleedeth every day," therefore has King Fisherman fallen into a grievous languishment; war has desolated the land, well-doing has almost everywhere ceased. The splendid scene in which Gawain, who comes second to the castle and offers the sword with which St. John was beheaded, beholds the Graal, and, absorbed in the vision of the Saviour, does not remember to ask the fateful question, must be read in full in Dr. Evans's book; it is one of the great things of Arthurian romance. Lancelot, who is third at the castle, cannot even see the Graal, and is therefore powerless to render aid. Upon the death of King Fisherman, the apostate King of Castle Mortal seizes his kingdom. The Holy Graal disappears, the "hallows" are hidden, the servants of the Graal are scattered, until the Good Knight, Sir Perceval, comes again and reconquers the place after a desperate battle. Thus the Holy Graal is achieved, the priests and damsels return, the sacred service is restored in the chapel: "The evil believe was done away from the kingdom, and all were assured again in the New Law by the valour of the Good Knight."

Perceval's work is by no means ended with his achievement of the Graal; but, after the accomplishment of his quest, the Graal becomes rather an object of devout pilgrimage than of perilous adventure. It serves as a centre from which the spiritual rays of the New Law may spread over the land; and in this respect the *High History* may be held superior to the *Morte Darthur*, where the quest and achievement of the Sangreal lead to little more than the breaking up of the fellow-

ship of the Round Table. Perceval has many things left to achieve, both in slaying evil-doers and in enforcing conversions from the Evil Law to the Good, for "the son of the Widow Lady of his good knighthood knoweth not how to live without travail." Unlike Galahad, he is bound by the sanctity of earthly ties as well as those that are purely celestial; he will not seek the Plenteous Island, the mystical place beyond unknown seas of which he has been chosen King, until he has done all that he has to do for Yglais and Dindrane. Then at last the Holy Graal departs, and the hallows are divided among the hermits of the forest in order that churches and houses of religion may be established; and, since all the land is attuned to the Law of the Saviour, the Good Knight's work is done and he may follow the Graal:

Perceval heard one day a bell sound loud and high without the manor toward the sea. He came to the windows of the hall and saw the ship come with the white sail and the Red Cross thereon, and within were the fairest folk that ever he might behold, and they were all robed in such manner as though they should sing Mass. When the ship was anchored under the wall, they went to pray in the most holy chapel. They brought the richest vessels of gold and silver that any might ever see, like as it were coffins, and set therein one of the three bodies of knights that had been brought into the chapel, and the body of King Fisherman, and of the mother of Perceval. But no savour in the world smelleth so sweet. Perceval took leave of Joseus and commended him to the Saviour of the World, and took leave of the household, from whom he departed in like manner. The worshipful men that were in the ship signed them of the Cross and blessed them likewise. The ship wherein Perceval was drew far away, and a Voice that issued from the manor as she departed commended them to God and to His sweet Mother. Josephus recordeth us that Perceval departed in such wise, nor never thereafter did no earthly man know what became of him, nor doth the history speak of him more.

There are only a few occasional traces in the *High History* of the more questionable elements which elsewhere penetrate the tangled web of the *ambages pulcerrimæ*. Morgause and Iseult have not cast the deadly glamour of their fatal beauty over the story; nor has the author lit his pages with the terror and pity of the fall and repentance of Guenevere. The great Queen indeed is here little more than a shadow of queenliness and royal courtesy and dignity, and the little that is shown of her is not altogether consistent. She is represented as a perfect wife to Arthur, and as inspiring him to noble deeds;

her death occurs while he is away on a pilgrimage to the Graal Castle, and after her death the King's character alters for the worse. Nevertheless, the Graal will not appear to Lancelot, and, with rare dramatic insight, the author lets us overhear Lancelot's confession to a hermit before entering the Graal Castle, in a passage which is one of the finest in the book :

"Sir," saith Lancelot, "this sin will I reveal to you of my lips, but of my heart may I never repent me thereof. I love my lady, which is the Queen, more than aught else that liveth, and albeit one of the best kings on live hath her to wife. The affection seemeth me so good and so high that I cannot let go thereof, for, so rooted is it in my heart that thence may it nevermore depart, and the best knighthood that is in me cometh to me only of her affection." "Alas!" saith the hermit, "sinner of mortal sin, what is this that you have spoken? Never may no knighthood come of such wantonness that shall not cost you right dear! A traitor are you toward our earthly lord and a murderer toward our Saviour. Of the seven deadly sins, you are labouring under the one whereof the delights are the falsest of any, whereof right dearly shall you abide thereof, save you repent you forthwith." "Sir," saith Lancelot, "never the more do I desire to cast it from me." "As much," saith the hermit, "is that as to say that you ought long since to have cast it from you and renounced it. For so long as you maintain it, so long are you an enemy of the Saviour." "Ha, sir," saith Lancelot, "she hath in her such beauty and worth and wisdom and courtesy and nobleness, that never ought she to be forgotten of any that hath loved her."

Lack of dramatic characterization is almost invariable in the literature of romance; but its absence is compensated for by the wealth and beauty of the episodes. It would be hard to better in their kind such things as Arthur's pilgrimage to the Chapel of St. Augustine, with the strife of devils and angels for the hermit's soul, and the vision of Christ and His Mother vouchsafed to the King at Mass; the night passed by the maiden Dindrane at the Grave-yard Perilous, where her simple faith and purity protect her from the hideous fiendish things that haunt the place in the shape of knights who have died in deadly sin; Lancelot's adventures at the Castle of Griffons; or the mystical island and castle in unknown seas, where Perceval beholds the glorious company of white-robed elders, young of visage, but with beards and hair whiter than driven snow. And there are more in the romance, almost as good, "things right adventurous and weighty," full of Celtic mystery and French chivalry. There is much delicate painting

too, as of mediæval illuminated missals, and passages of excellent knightly courtesy; but at the same time, characteristic of the striking contrasts offered by the Middle Ages, even good knights are capable of acts of the utmost cruelty. Perceval's horribly brutal vengeance upon the Lord of the Moors would be worthy of an Eccellin or a Visconti. But, if we should dislike any of his stories or find them wearisome or monotonous, the unknown author has an unanswerable argument ready: "All these adventures that you hear in this high record came to pass, Josephus telleth us, for the setting forward the law of the Saviour." And, as in the *Queste* and the corresponding chapters in the *Morte Darthur*, there are good hermits and holy men always prepared to give allegorical interpretations of almost any episode,—allegories which it requires the mediæval state of mind to appreciate fully: "Messire Gawain heareth these significances and much pleaseth him thereof."

One at least of these allegories is of considerable interest and importance. Perceval riding through a forest comes at noon to a red cross in an open space, near which are sitting on either side a knight and a damsel of great beauty, clothed in white and holding vessels of gold. Presently there appears out of the forest a strange and beautiful animal, a beast as white as snow, "bigger than a fox and less than a hare" (*une beste blanche comme noif négiée, et estoit greindre d'un goupil et mendre d'un lièvre*), with eyes like two emeralds. It is full of the utmost terror, for within it are twelve hounds, "questing" or barking like hounds in a wood. In dread of the questing and rending of these hounds she flies first to the knight, then to the damsel, and then to Perceval for protection. At last she goes to the cross, where the hounds issue forth from her and tear her to pieces, but, having no power to devour the flesh or to remove it from the cross, they return to the wood raging. The knight and damsel gather up the flesh and blood in their golden vessels, and with Perceval kiss and adore the place and the cross, after which there comes a smell of perfect and incomparable sweetness. Perceval is much perplexed by this adventure, but his uncle, King Hermit, has no difficulty in expounding it to his satisfaction:

"Fair nephew," saith the Hermit, "I know well that God loveth you sith that such things appear to you, for His valour and yours and for the chastity that is in your body. The beast, that was kindly and

gentle and sweet, signifieth our Lord Jesus Christ, and the twelve dogs that yelped within her signify the people of the Old Law that God created and made in His own likeness. Fair sweet nephew, these twelve hounds that bayed in the beast are the Jews that God had fed, and that were born in the Law that He established, nor never would they believe in Him, nor love Him, but rather crucified Him and tore His body after the shamefullest sort they might, but in no wise might they destroy His flesh. The knight and damsel that set the pieces of flesh in vessels of gold signify the Divinity of the Father, which would not that His flesh should be minished. The hounds that fled to the forest and became savage what time they had torn the beast to pieces, so in like manner are the Jews that were and ever shall be savage, subject to them of the New Law henceforth for ever."

In the *Morte Darthur* this hunted creature appears in a very different form as the Questing Beast or Beast Glatysaunt (*la diverse beste* of the *Suile de Merlin*, where Malory found it), the strange monster whose pursuit is undertaken by Tristram's rival, Sir Palomydes the Saracen. "The Beast Glatysaunt," says Malory, "was a full wonderful beast and a great signification, for Merlin prophesied much of that beast;" but the precise nature of this great signification is not indicated. There is not, however, the remotest suggestion of any celestial origin or divine allegory. In one place Sir Palomydes is said to have made a vow not to be christened until he has achieved the Beast Glatysaunt, but elsewhere he declares that he may not be christened until he has done seven true battles for Jesus' sake. The glimpses that we catch of the monster are only momentary ones, and always by some lonely fountain; wearied with the hunt, it comes to drink and then plunges back into the forest. Swift-footed like a hart, it has a head like a serpent's head, its body partakes both of the lion and the leopard; within it there is a noise like thirty couple of hounds questing, and wherever it goes it makes this sound. Carpaccio or Piero di Cosimo alone could have painted such a creature and made it altogether convincing. It is followed first by Sir Pellinore, the father of Lamoracke and of Perceval, and, after his death, by Sir Palomydes, who, although blackened considerably by Malory to serve as a foil to Tristram, appears in the French romances as a very noble knight, the type of chivalrous courtesy. In striking contrast to the *High History*, where it is said to have appeared to Perceval because of his chastity, the Questing Beast in the *Morte Darthur* is only seen by men in deadly sin; by Arthur, after the great crime of his life which at last is to bring

destruction upon himself and his knights of the Round Table ; by Tristram and by Lamoracke, whose lawless passions for Iseult and Morgause are to lead them to sudden and violent deaths. After that feast of Pentecost, on which the adventures of the Sangreal begin, no more is heard or seen of the Beast Glatysaunt. A certain analogy might possibly be traced here with the hermit's interpretation of the hounds as the people of the Old Law : *Vetustatem novitas, umbram fugat veritas*.

In his *Studies on the Arthurian Legend*, Professor Rhys suggests that the Questing Beast was originally not the knight's game, but a monstrous hound with which he hunted, and that the matter is associated with the Celtic superstition of the king of the other world hunting with his fierce hound. Ariosto and Spenser introduced it into their epics, but now as a hideous monster of diabolical origin and full of malice, the pursuit of which is somewhat analogous to Dante's *Veltro* hunting down the Wolf. In the *Orlando Furioso*, under a somewhat different form, it apparently represents Avarice or Heresy ; it is still, as in the *Morte Darthur*, connected with a fountain and with Merlin. On one of the four fountains which Merlin made in France, he carved white marble images of this hellish monster and of the princes of Ariosto's own day who are to hunt it to death. In the *Faerie Queene* it reappears as the Blatant Beast, type of slander or of puritanical bigotry ; its pursuit is assigned to Sir Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy.

Very far indeed are these artificial monsters from the snow-white beast of the *High History*, *tant douce par semblant et de si très grant biauté* ; nor have Ariosto and Spenser invested them with the sense of mystery and awe which Malory's Questing Beast undoubtedly inspires. Even if we reject King Hermit's mystical interpretation of what Perceval saw, the Beast Glatysaunt of Arthurian legend is something more than a mere symbol of slander or of avarice, of bigotry or of heresy. But the great signification of which Merlin prophesied lies surely hidden from human knowledge with the magician himself, in that mystical sleep to which the spell of Nimue has lulled him.

Religion and the Church in Mexico.

SOME time ago, when I was residing in San Luis Potosi, I happened to come across an article written by a German Protestant missionary, named Heindrich Wintzer, under the above title. It was interesting, if only as an example of how false an impression may be conveyed by the simple means of misrepresentation, suppression, and a crude statement of facts which, if explained, would bear a different construction.

It is hardly to be expected that a German Lutheran should be much in sympathy with Mexicans, to whom their religion is as the breath of their nostrils, or that he should be capable of comprehending the inward meaning of customs which are as much a part of Mexican national life as their *charros* and *zarapes* are of their picturesque personality. Still one might expect some degree of fairness from a man described as a "scholar," and also some approach to accuracy and knowledge of his subject. But Mr. Wintzer's article shows neither, and it is abundantly clear that he writes from the most narrow-minded, bigoted, and anti-Catholic point of view, and has obtained his information from anti-religious sources. When he confines himself to politics, he gives his readers a fair, if bald outline of facts that can be gleaned in the course of half an hour's conversation from any intelligent Mexican who knows the history of his country. But when he comes to the Catholic faith, and constitutes himself its exponent, he passes into what is to him a *terra incognita*, and blunders about as blindly as a bat does when it makes a sudden incursion into a lamp-lit room from the dusk of a summer evening.

However, let him speak for himself: "The absolute supremacy of the Spaniards in Mexico had gradually secured for the Roman Catholic Church an almost unlimited power, and the possession of more than one-third of all the land in the country. One of the greatest political problems that confronted the new Republic at its establishment, in the beginning of the

present century, and a problem which cost decades of bloody struggles, was to break the moral, social, and political power of the Church. This was a problem of all the greater moment as in Mexico the masses of the people were divided into two strongly antagonistic classes. One in a most bigoted and blind spirit was devoted to the traditions of the Church, while the other, in extreme radicalism, had broken with the Church and religion entirely. Finally, in 1861, President Juarez succeeded in confiscating all Church property, abrogating all ecclesiastical orders, and proclaiming absolute religious freedom. Church and State were to be absolutely separated. It became a law that the Church as such could not acquire property in any shape. Even the Church buildings were to be held as a loan. In addition to this, all religious exhibitions were to be prohibited. Never is a religious procession or pilgrimage seen in the streets; it is even forbidden to the priests to wear the insignia of their office outside the church. In the public schools all religious instruction is forbidden. These laws are not a dead letter, but have been actually enforced."

Here we have a sufficiently graphic picture of the tyranny and injustice of those iniquitous laws framed by Juarez, the murderer of Maximilian, for the degradation and oppression of the religion of the whole Mexican people, laws which were only equalled in ferocity by those enforced against the Catholics of England and Ireland during the penal times.

It is difficult to understand where the "absolute religious freedom" comes in, unless oppression, spoliation, and sacrilege are synonymous, in Mr. Wintzer's ideas, with religious freedom. Were it not for the tone of his article, we might suppose him to be indulging in a little gentle irony; but it is clear that the irony is unconscious.

I wonder *en passant* what would be thought of the justice of the proceeding if at some future date a triumphant Radical Government were to swoop down on all the clubs in Pall Mall, and elsewhere, the Carlton, the Reform, the Athenæum, &c., and, having turned the members adrift, were to appropriate them to their own uses?

Many people who quite approve of the spoliation of the Religious Orders would raise a fine outcry then. But surely monks and nuns have as much right to live in community, to build convents, schools, and churches, and to acquire property, as have the members of West End clubs.

I am glad Mr. Wintzer has admitted that decades of bloody struggles were necessary to break the power of the Church, because it effectually proves how dear that Church was to the hearts of the Mexican people. It also serves to show the analogy between the revolution, or rather series of revolutions, in Mexico, and the Protestant Reformation in our own country, where it also required decades of bloody struggles before the new religion could be crammed down the throats of our Catholic forefathers at the points of German mercenary swords.

However, happy Mexico, unlike unhappy England, has never lost her faith. She is to-day as she ever has been, Catholic to the backbone, true to Rome, and to all the dogmas and traditions of the Catholic Church, a not unworthy daughter of most Catholic Spain. The *moral* power of the Church has never been broken. It still exerts a powerful influence over the people, and I claim with confidence that in no country in the world are there to be found better or truer Catholics in every sense of the word. The charity of the people towards each other, their kindness and sympathy in time of sorrow, and their boundless hospitality to strangers, are as genuine as their fervent devotion is beautiful to witness.

Piety has its representatives among all classes. You see (at least I did) as many men as women in the churches; as many rich as poor (allowing for the difference in numerical proportion) —the highest aristocrats and the humblest peasants there meeting on one common ground.

There is one simple test I have often applied to confirm this. Many a time when I have been sitting beneath the shade of the trees in the sunny Plaza, I have watched the people passing and re-passing before the open door of the Cathedral, and have noticed how universally every man took off his hat. From the well-dressed Government official, or man of business, to the ragged little *pelado*, with his remnant of a *sombrero*, each male passer-by paid that tribute of respect. Just as in the evening, when the bells ring out for the *oracion*, every hat is raised immediately, and not replaced till the bells have finished their musical clamour. I remember being very much impressed with this when I saw it first. I was coming home from a walk, and reached the Cathedral some time after sunset, just as the bells began to ring. All the men were bareheaded, and as they passed me, hat in hand, I saw by the movement of their lips that they were one and all reciting the prayers.

Again, the Society of the *Vela Perpetua*, "Perpetual Adoration," is everywhere established. The women keep their watch by day, the men by night, and the people are so particular about this, that a servant will not engage herself unless she is allowed her hour of adoration.

I have often gone into the church late in the evening, and have found the building crowded with men of all ranks, kneeling in the silence and the semi-darkness before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, absorbed in prayer. At one *prie-dieu*, placed in front of the sanctuary, would be a swarthy Mexican *vaquero* in his snow-white shirt, his fringed buckskin leggings, and his many-coloured *sarape*; while at the opposite one would be some city notary or doctor, in the less picturesque costume of modern civilization. I frequently saw in the early morning the post-office clerks, and other young men in public offices, devoutly hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion before they went to their daily occupations. My own feeling was that I never lived in any country where piety was so general as in Mexico.

Impiety no doubt exists, but it seems to have the decency to keep in the background and abstain from outraging public opinion; whereas in many Catholic countries in Europe, France and Belgium for instance, the anti-clericals, socialists, and *libre penseurs* are too often *en évidence*. Even the Freemasons in Mexico (though of course excommunicate) have not in many cases lost their faith. They frequently maintain that they are Catholics, and that their organization is for political purposes alone, and that they have no enmity against the Church.

Mr. Wintzer admits this further on, for he says: "It would, however, be a mistake to think that only the clerical party go with the Church. Even pronounced Liberals, the very men who made and enforce these anti-Church laws, often support the Church financially, in part because it has become a matter of tradition to do so. A prominent Mexican general, at one time an adherent of Juarez, is known to seek a closer adherence to the Church. It often happens that a fanatical Liberal, after opposing the Church all his life, seeks on his death-bed the sacraments of the Church at the request of his wife and children." On the principle of "the devil was sick and the devil a monk would be," I suppose Mr. Wintzer means. But let us hope it is not always "at the request of his wife and children," but in a more genuine spirit of repentance that the

dying reprobate turns in his last hours to the consolations of the Church he has persecuted in life.

"Liberal papers," continues Mr. Wintzer, "often report in bombastic tone the grand ceremonies of the Church. The leading men, however, satisfy their religious wants by membership amongst the Freemasons, or by a rationalistic system of philosophy akin to that of the French encyclopedists. They never go to church except as a matter of form."

In other words, there are in Mexico, as elsewhere, atheists and freethinkers, men of no religion at all—for one can hardly call Freemasonry a *religion*, though Mr. Wintzer appears to do so. These men are, however, I am happy to say, a minority, and are mostly veterans attached to the Government, and holding still by the traditions of the bad old times. Fortunately they are fast dying out, to make room for better men. Why they should go to church at all, even as a "matter of form," is best known to Mr. Wintzer, who appears to be in their confidence—judging at least by the boldness with which he claims to understand their motives.

Nor is the Church at the present day in the state of abject subjection he would have us believe. I was in the Republic a year, and being myself a Catholic, I had opportunities of judging of the true state of religion there, such as Mr. Wintzer as a Protestant and an outsider could never have. Unless I had been told about the anti-religious laws, I should never have guessed their existence, for leaving out the one fact of the prohibition of street-processions, the people appeared to enjoy every possible privilege. In England, Catholics have to put up with what may be called the bare necessities of their faith, but in Mexico the people enjoy all the luxuries.

The spiritual atmosphere of the country is thoroughly Catholic. And, as a matter of fact, the penal laws against the Church and the Religious Orders are practically a dead letter. The President General, Porfirio Diaz, who has been recently re-elected for the fifth time, and whose services to the country are admitted to be inestimable—though his reforms may have been somewhat drastic—is himself a Catholic, and his wife is said to be a saintly woman.

Gradually as the revolutionary generals, who took part in those sanguinary struggles Mr. Wintzer speaks of, drop off, their posts as governors of the provinces are being filled up by men of Catholic or at least moderate views. Thus the

Government is itself being re-Christianized, and ecclesiastical matters are going back to the old state of things, surely, steadily, and easily, though unostentatiously and without sound of trumpet.

In spite of the ruthless spoliation of the Church in past times, she is fairly rich, being generously supported by the people. The Religious Orders, though forbidden to live in community, exist and flourish, albeit to a certain degree *sub rosa*. The Government knows they are there, but makes a point of "looking the other way." The Franciscan Church in San Luis Potosi is one of the most popular in the city. The Jesuits are numerous and influential. They have large colleges and seminaries, which are attended by the *élite* of the young men of the country. Convents, though not numerous, are also to be found. I was myself shown over the fine Convent of the Sagrado Corazon in San Luis Potosi, which is contiguous to the magnificent Carmelite Church. The convent, which has a school for young girls of the upper classes, is equal to any convent in Belgium or England. It contains splendid halls, dormitories, and class-rooms, two chapels, a natural history museum, and an interesting collection of old paintings. It happened to be May when I was there, the *Mes de Maria*, and in the hall we encountered a whole troop of young girls in white, like a flock of doves, on the way to the church for the evening devotions. Nothing could be prettier than these May functions, which are held at all the churches. The sanctuary is crowded with little girls in white dresses and veils, who all kneel round the altar with the priest in the middle, the Blessed Sacrament being exposed. They sing the sweetest possible Mexican hymns, and between each verse the young girls flock up to the statue of *Nuestra Señora*, and deposit wreaths and bouquets of white flowers, chiefly roses and sweet peas, at her feet. By the time the function is over, the steps leading up to the image are completely covered.

Now let us come to the processions, and to begin with, let us take the way the Viaticum is taken to the sick. In no country in the world is this done with greater devotion or more solemn ceremony. Would that in England things were managed with equal reverence. It is the custom for the rich of each parish to place their carriages in turn one day a week at the disposal of the priests, for the use of the Holy Sacrament, so that there is always a carriage in readiness when the sick-

call comes. The priest goes fully arrayed in his sacerdotal vestments, wearing in addition to rochette and stole, a rich cloak of white satin or gold-embroidered brocade, beneath which he carries the ciborium. He is accompanied by acolytes carrying silver lanterns, in which are lighted candles, and the church bells ring to give warning to the faithful. As the carriage drives along the street every hat is removed and all kneel, in the road, on the pavement, anywhere, and remain kneeling till the carriage is out of sight. While I was in San Luis, the last sacraments were administered to a member of the household in which I was staying, and I was privileged to be present.

The servants rose at an extraordinary early hour to prepare, and the house was swept and garnished. Flowers were brought in profusion, and the rooms were adorned as if for a wedding; while pots of palms and foliage plants were arranged at the entrance. Carpets were laid down for the priest to walk over, and in the sick-room an altar had been prepared in the usual style with lights, crucifix, and pictures. It is also the custom in Mexico to hang white muslin curtains out of the windows to let the neighbours and passers-by know that the Blessed Sacrament is expected.

The sacristan arrived first, bringing certain articles. He had with him a handsome rosewood box, which resembled an old-fashioned desk or dressing-case, and which rather excited my curiosity. When opened it formed a perfect miniature altar, and was used by the priest to place the ciborium on. The thought immediately struck me, why should not priests in England have something of this kind? One hears such stories about the dirt and squalor of the houses of the very poor, and of how priests can scarcely find a decent place on which to deposit the Sacred Host. (I have even heard of a priest being forced to use the crown of his hat for this purpose.) Why should not every English church be provided with such a simple contrivance as this tiny portable altar? It would, I should say, be an inestimable boon. But to return.

The whole street was on the *qui vive*, and the servants and neighbours were awaiting the arrival of the priest at the door, with lighted candles, and received the Divine Guest on their knees. A scene like this makes an impression that is never after forgotten. Even the very poorest exert themselves to the utmost to prepare their houses; and I may here say that the

Mexican peasants are very fond of having the Blessed Sacrament taken to them, and send for the priest immediately they are taken ill, often when there is no real danger of death. Of course this costs them nothing, a fact which I should not even mention were it not that Mr. Wintzer, as will presently be seen, accuses the Mexican priests most untruly of being mercenary and self-seeking.

To quote him again. "The Roman Catholic Church having thus ceased to be the State Church, was compelled to look out for its own support. As a consequence, the practice of religious rites at services became a matter of business and profit for the ecclesiastics, and often in a shameless manner. The ideal aims and purposes of religion, and its development into a higher morality have been practically ignored by the priests in their desire for material gains. The cause of the degradation of religion here lies in the lack of education on the part of the priests. They understand how to induce their people to demonstrate the virtue of alms and gifts to the Church, which is all the easier for them because they have to deal as a rule with superstitious and semi-barbaric Indians and uncultivated women. The priest himself sells the candles that are sacrificed to Mary [!], and when the person who has bought the sacrifice has left, the priest blows out the candle and sells it a second time. Every additional piece of the priest's garb, every extra tolling of the bell, must be paid for according to the financial position of the one for whom the service is held. The higher the rank of the priest officiating, the more expensive the latter is. A marriage performed by a Bishop costs hundreds of dollars. To give the Church a tenth-part is made a religious duty. Especially are the wealthy taxed."

There seems something wrong about this—for, first, Mr. Wintzer informs us that the priests find it an easy matter to impose their taxes on the people because they have mainly to deal with "semi-barbaric Indians," and then in the same breath he adds, that "especially are the wealthy fleeced."

This seems a contradiction; but never mind, it is not the only one in Mr. Wintzer's article. Reading the foregoing passage, it naturally occurs to us to wonder whether the Lutheran pastors perform their professional duties free of charge; and whether the children of the Fatherland are fortunate enough to get married, christened, and buried free, *gratis*, and for nothing. And if so, how do the German clergy live and

pay their butcher's and baker's bills? Especially as the Germans are a prolific race and possess a very much married ministry. Lutheranism is, I believe, the State Church in Germany, and no doubt the Lutheran clergy are paid by the State; unlike the Mexican priests who are *not*, and who therefore have to look out for their own support. But can Mr. Wintzer honestly tell us that the German pastors receive no fees from the members of their flocks in addition to their stipends? I doubt it.

"He who serves the altar shall live by the altar," is a declaration of Holy Writ which Mr. Wintzer has apparently overlooked. Nor does he seem to think much of the virtue of charity, which I may here say is one of the virtues most conspicuous amongst the Mexicans of all classes, but especially amongst the poor, and those who have least to give.

"Charity," we are told, "covereth a multitude of sins," so let us hope they will one day meet with their reward from Him who has also said: "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I do not profess to know anything about the Lutheran pastors, and therefore am not in a position to compare their disinterestedness with the alleged greed of the Mexican priests. But I do know something about the Mexicans, and one thing is that they are not obliged to pay according to their social standing. There is a fixed charge for religious rites there as in other countries. You have what you ask for, and pay for what you have. For instance, the chanting of the Office for the Dead costs so much; and a Solemn Requiem Mass, with the church draped in black, organ, choir, candles and incense costs double. Those who can afford the Requiem Mass have it (if they wish); and those who cannot, content themselves with the less costly ceremonies of the Office for the Dead and Low Mass.

Similarly there are marriages and marriages. I have seen poor weddings in Mexico, and I have seen rich ones. When those of the peasant class get married they usually choose Thursdays for the happy event, because then they have the *éclat* of a *Misa cantada* without any extra expense. In all Catholic countries throughout the world, including Mexico, there is always Solemn High Mass of the Blessed Sacrament on Thursdays, *con el Divinisimo manifestó*, as they say; and this serves the poor in the place of a *misa de casamiento*. Even the rich sometimes choose that day. But then, of course, the church is lavishly adorned with flowers, carpets are laid down, velvet

prie-dieux placed before the altar, and the costliest vestments and the richest lace are in requisition. No doubt weddings of this sort cost money. But then that is not peculiar to Mexico. I have read accounts of weddings in other parts of the world, let us say St. George's, Hanover Square, that must have run to a considerable figure—hundreds of dollars, I should say, or perhaps even pounds.

And now, while I think of it, let me state a fact which Mr. Wintzer has omitted to mention, possibly because he was ignorant of it, or more probably because as counsel for the prosecution he did not feel himself called upon to mention anything that might seem to tell in favour of the defendants. Seat rents are unknown in Mexico. Every church, from the finest Cathedral to the poorest chapel, is open to the people free. The beggar may take the best place at the grandest function, and generally does; and the rich may go to the wall, and often do; for whereas the *pelados* always crowd the nave before the high altar, the ladies have usually to retire to the side aisles. Collections in the churches are extremely rare, and there is practically no offertory, though sometimes when a priest says a Mass at an unusual hour for the especial convenience of the people, a plate is handed round, into which a few cents are dropped.

My own experience would lead me to say that the Mexican priests are less mercenary than others, instead of more so. Of course I only use the word mercenary to convey a certain idea. Catholics all the world over know well that it is a primary duty to contribute to the support of the Church and religion, according to their means; and to give a tenth part of their income is a custom with many pious persons even in England. It was inculcated first in the Bible, about which Protestants really seem to know very little if you come to think of it, since when its precepts are carried into practice they so often hold them up to scorn and reprobation.

No doubt my Catholic readers will have been struck by the picturesqueness of the phrase, "the candles that are sacrificed to Mary," and have also conjured up the extraordinary vision of a priest going round and blowing out the *ex voto* tapers. I can assure them that a Mexican priest who did such a thing would create fully as much sensation as an English one, and would be just as likely to be taken for a lunatic. These statements are of course utterly absurd. As a matter of fact, the priest does

not sell the candles that are "sacrificed to Mary"—they are bought in the shops and not in the churches, though in the case of celebrated shrines, such as that of Guadalupe, there are stalls outside for the sale of candles, rosaries, and holy pictures, just as in other Catholic countries.

Let us again seek information of Mr. Wintzer. He writes: "The transition from heathendom to Christianity has been a difficult task for the Indians of Central and South America. For the uneducated Indian, God and Christ, Mary and a countless host of Saints, stand on a level with the divinities of his heathen heaven. Of God and Christ he hears but seldom, his devotions are chiefly directed to the Mother of God and the Saints." Of course, this is the sort of thing we always expect from Protestants of the Wintzer type. It is pretty average slander of the ordinary kind, that always goes down with the ignorant and bigoted audience of the No-Popery ranter.

When Mr. Wintzer says that "he, (the Mexican) hears of God and Christ but rarely," he makes a grave misstatement. Either he has never been inside the Mexican churches; or he does not understand Spanish, and therefore cannot appreciate the sermons. In either case he is incapable of judging, and commits himself to a rash assertion which is capable of being amply disproved. The priests are very eloquent preachers, and I strongly suspect that the Mexican hears more of God and Christ in the course of the Church's year, than the average Lutheran does in his whole life. The Mexicans are thoroughly well instructed in their religion, in spite of the fact that religious teaching is banished from their schools! and their love for their faith is an integral part of their character. They have, moreover, an impassioned devotion for the Most Holy Sacrament, *Jesús Sacramentado*, that I have never seen surpassed. Religion is to them the great business of life, and in it they find all their happiness and consolation.

I once met an Englishman who had travelled through the Republic, and who seemed to have grasped the character of the people far better than Mr. Wintzer, though he had been there but a few weeks. Talking them over, he declared that to him they seemed "an ideal race, the happiest in the world." He said: "They are happy because they are good. No doubt they are very poor, at least the majority, but their poverty sits lightly on them, for they have few wants, and no ambitions, and are always contented, light-hearted, and gay. For the rest,

they have their glorious climate, their cloudless skies, and their religion. It appears to me that the Mexicans have but two aims in life: to get as much happiness as they can out of this world, and to save their souls in the next." And this about epitomizes them. The ever-recurring festivals of the year are to them as vividly real, and of as all-absorbing an interest as if the events they commemorate in the life of our Lord, or of His Mother and Saints, were actually taking place there and then. Never have I met any people more entirely in earnest, or more capable of grasping and bringing home to themselves the wondrous mysteries of faith than these simple-hearted Mexicans, of whom Mr. Wintzer speaks so slightly, forgetting who has said: "He hideth things from the wise and prudent, to reveal them unto babes." It is strange how the poor of Christ are often despised by those outside the fold of the Church, who yet pride themselves on their Christianity. To hear them talk one would suppose that none had a right to be saved who were not "respectable," well clothed, and educated at a public school. This is evidently Mr. Wintzer's view. It is not mine, and I have very strong doubts about the efficacy of the Board School as a civilizing medium. I have my theories, and one of them is that the superior refinement which is so marked amongst the peasant class in Catholic countries, and especially amongst those of the Latin race, is largely due to their religion; and that their innate courtesy, politeness, dignity, picturesqueness, and appreciation of the beautiful, may be traced to the fact, that from their very earliest infancy they are accustomed to the solemn grandeur of the cathedrals and churches, to the majestic beauty of the grand functions, and to all that is soul elevating and inspiring in religious art, whether of music or painting. It is easy to understand what an influence such things must have on the mind and intelligence of the people.

But what have the poor of Protestant lands to take its place? Nothing. It may almost be said that the great mass of the poor in England are never subjected to any refining influence whatever. Seldom can they hear fine music, or see what is beautiful in art, from the time they come into the world to the time they go out of it. Their lives are spent in sordid occupations, and in the struggle for bare existence. They have no churches in which to lay down their burthen, and pray for a few moments in the midst of their toil, as Catholic peasants have, no festivals of the Saints, no Church holy days. Bank Holidays, with their attendant orgies,

drunkenness, and blasphemy, are their idea of relaxation. George Gissing, in his powerful novel, *The Nether World*, has given us only too terrible a description of what Bank Holidays are like amongst the London poor. What wonder if they become coarse, vulgar, and debased, as so many of them do?

After remarking that the Mexican rarely hears of God or Christ, but directs his worship principally to the Mother of God and the Saints, he continues: "Of especial prominence is 'our dear Lady of Guadalupe.' Guadalupe is a small village a short distance from the city of Mexico, where it is claimed Mary appeared in 1531. Her worship is exceedingly popular. Over her temple are found the words, *Non fecit aliter* (sic) *omni nationi*—'God did not do so for every nation' (i.e., give them a shrine like this of Mary at Guadalupe). This inscription is really found on nearly all the many altars sacred to her throughout the country. The day dedicated to her is the most popular festival of the year." As regards "our dear Lady of Guadalupe," as Mr. Wintzer calls her, the story of the famous apparition, which is said to have been such an important aid in the conversion of Mexico to Christianity, is well known. I have visited the world-renowned shrine, built on the spot where *Maria Santisima, Madre de Dios*, is believed to have appeared to the humble Indian, Juan Diego, and I have seen the well with its ever-bubbling waters, which is supposed to have sprung up from her foot-prints. It is a place well worth seeing, even apart from its romantic associations, and I hope some time to have the opportunity of describing my visit to it.

The words, *Non fecit taliter omni nationi*, which Mr. Wintzer so obligingly explains for us to mean, "God did not give every nation a shrine like this of Mary at Guadalupe," of course mean nothing of the sort. They were the now historical words of the Pope when made acquainted with the story of the apparition, and meant of course that God had not honoured every nation by permitting His Mother to appear in person to them.

The shrine, or collegiate church, as it is called, is of unequalled beauty and magnificence. It was built to commemorate the event, and in answer to the special request of the *Santisima Virgen* herself, who, when she appeared to Juan Diego, expressed a desire that a church should be built there in her honour. At the foot of the high altar, in front of the famous *tilma*,¹ on which the image of the Blessed Virgin is impressed, is

¹ The miraculous image is not painted on a *zarape*, but on a coarser material still.

a marble figure of the Pope in the attitude of prayer. The feast of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe is kept on December 12th, and is, of course, the great *national* festival of the year, though no Mexican in his senses would think of putting it on a par with Christmas or Corpus Christi.

Mr. Wintzer winds up his article thus: "Of Protestantism the average Mexican has but a poor idea. He is surprised to hear that Protestants also worship Christ." (Tit for tat, you see!) "Ordinarily, Protestantism and irreligion, Luther and the devil, are synonymous terms with them." Mr. Wintzer seems unaware that the Mexicans are not alone in this impression. It is singular how unanimously the idea prevails amongst Catholic nations, both in the Old World and the New. However, as long as the Mexicans remain in this frame of mind, and draw their own conclusions with so much perspicuity, I think we may surmise that they are pretty safe against the proselytizing efforts of the American and German missionaries of various sects who have settled in the country, and who, by their endeavours to introduce the elements of heresy and schism amongst a Catholic people, have done their best to complicate the question of religion and the Church in Mexico.

C. E. JEFFERY.

The Vestments of Low Mass.

IT is now close upon fifty years since the appearance of Dr. Daniel Rock's *Church of our Fathers*, a work to which all Catholics owe a debt of gratitude as one of the most important contributions ever made to English ecclesiological science. Ever since that date we have been accustomed to turn to the *Church of our Fathers* and to the author's earlier treatise, *Hierurgia*, as primary authorities on the history of liturgical costume.¹ Other investigators have pursued the subject further. Dr. Bock, whose name so curiously lends itself to confusion with that of the writer just named, and Bishop von Hefele in Germany, Mr. Marriott with his *Vestiarium Christianum* in England, M. C. Rohault de Fleury and the Abbé Duchesne in France, not to speak of writers still more recent, have examined, measured, and compared existing monuments, and have studied the allusions contained in mediæval literature and the liturgical treatises of earlier date. It has been left, however, for a German Jesuit, Father Joseph Braun,² by combining the results thus obtained with much independent research, to produce in this last year what seems the most satisfactory and exhaustive treatise as yet published on the vestments in which Catholics are specially interested, the vestments worn by the priest in the Mass. An English translation of Father Braun's little monograph is in preparation, and will be printed, it is hoped, in due course. In the meantime it may not be uninteresting to lay before our readers in a succinct form some of the more important conclusions at which the author has arrived, the evidence for which is fully set out in his text and notes.

¹ One of the few points to which exception might be taken in Father Braun's excellent work is the fact that he is apparently unacquainted with Dr. Rock's *Church of our Fathers*. Many of the most useful illustrations collected by Dr. Rock have, however, been quoted in such books as those of Marriott and Chambers, and through these channels have found their way into Father Braun's pages.

² *Die Priesterlichen Gewänder des Abendlandes nach ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung*. Von Joseph Braun, S.J. Freiburg: Herder, 1897.

THE AMICE.

The rubrics of the Roman Missal, published by authority, in the directions given for the vesting of the priest at the beginning of his Mass, make mention of six sacrificial vestments, a separate prayer being appointed for the putting on of each. The first of these is the amice, which, as every Catholic knows, consists of a simple piece of linen the size of a pocket handkerchief, but rectangular in shape, with two long strings attached to the extremities of its upper edge. In assuming this vestment, which the Germans aptly describe as a *Schultertuch* (shoulder-cloth), the priest is bidden, after kissing it in the centre, to place it first for a moment upon his head, and then to draw it down upon his shoulders, securing it in its place by the two strings. While doing this he says the prayer, *Impone Domine*—"Place, O Lord, upon my head the helmet of salvation to defeat the onslaughts of the evil one." This prayer in a slightly modified form seems first to occur in a few Sacramentaries of the tenth century, but it did not come into general use until some two hundred years later. In liturgical documents and writers of earlier date, we commonly find no reference to the "helmet of salvation," and no mention of the head. The symbolism suggested by these earlier prayers assigned for the putting on of the amice, bears reference rather to the girding of the loins, the bridling of the tongue, and the yoke and burden of Jesus Christ.

To those who are at all familiar with the results of modern liturgical research, it will be readily intelligible that the particular significance now attached to each vestment by the formularies of the Church does not necessarily agree with primitive use. In nearly all cases the rite, or the garment, or the utensil, has come into existence first and the symbolism has been found for it afterwards. The mediæval liturgists were deeply penetrated with the conviction that everything used in the service of the altar must have a mystical import of some kind. So universal was this belief that Father Braun even infers, and not without reason, that inasmuch as no symbolical meaning is assigned in early writers for the strings of the amice, the amice at that epoch probably possessed no strings. When nothing obvious in the way of symbolism suggested itself, the mediæval liturgists made free use of the imagination, sometimes with true religious feeling, sometimes with not a

little extravagance. Their interpretations are often divergent or even contradictory, but despite the confusion which might have been expected to result, Providence has seemingly been watchful in guiding the unconscious action of the faithful, and has brought about, in most cases, the survival of the fittest.

It will follow from this that we cannot appeal to the existing liturgy of the Church as evidence for the original use or significance of the vestments she employs. Though the priest be now bidden to regard the amice as his "helmet of salvation," we cannot conclude that the linen cloth was primarily designed as a head covering. In the opinion of Father Braun, who considers it, upon the evidence of the first *Ordo Romanus*, to have been in use from the eighth century, the amice was in the beginning no more than a neckcloth or muffler, introduced partly from reasons of seemliness to hide the collarless throat or the every-day garments which were not sufficiently covered by the alb, partly to protect the richer vestments from the perspiration so apt in southern climates to stream from the wearer's face and neck, and partly, it may be, as a protection against cold for those who, in the interests of church music, had necessarily to take care of their voices. It is noteworthy that the amice appears later than the alb or chasuble, and that in the first certain notice of it which meets us, it is described as being put on *over* the alb, as is the *fanon* of the Roman Pontiff even to this day. Significant also is the fact mentioned in a Roman *Ordo*, published by Duchesne, that the Papal deacon and subdeacon only put on the amice (*involvunt se anagolagio circa collo*—the phrase is noteworthy and clearly indicates a wrap or muffler for the throat) when the Pontiff himself is wearing extra clothing in the shape of dalmatics under his chasuble.¹

Whatever may have been the predominant motive which suggested the introduction of this linen cloth wrapped round the neck and shoulders, the next stage of its development points very clearly to the idea of the protection of the vestments from contact with the neck and face. It is obvious that as the amice was put on first of all, the vestments which the priest donned afterwards must have been liable, unless precautions were taken,

¹ The amice is so often spoken of by early writers as typical of a guard over the voice and control of the tongue, that Father Braun seems inclined to attach special weight to the idea that this linen cloth was primarily intended to protect the throat. It seems to me that the passage in Duchesne's *Ordo* supposes that the deacons wore their tunics whether the amice was used or not.

to smother the amice completely. The practice seems therefore to have been introduced of arranging the amice, when it was first put on, so as to cover both the shoulders and the crown of the head. The other vestments including the chasuble were then assumed in due order, and, when all were in their places, that portion of the amice which shrouded the back of the head was thrown back over the chasuble. In this way the precious vestments both above and below were protected from the danger of being soiled by perspiration. It may have been partly a consequence of this arrangement, and it may also have been a cause of its almost universal prevalence, that the portion of the amice thus left visible above the chasuble began to be adorned with a precious "apparel" (*parura*), a strip of embroidery or rich material which was so attached to the upper part of the linen amice that when this latter was thrown back the apparel was displayed above the chasuble, and looked from behind like a sort of collar. Once the custom of attaching a stiff piece of brocade to the amice had become common, it is obvious that the only way in which such amices could conveniently be worn was by leaving this shoulder-cloth to cover the head until the chasuble was in its place, and then turning the amice and its apparel down to make a collar. This is, in fact, what we see in the numerous mediæval representations of priests fully vested for Mass. It must undoubtedly have been during this period that the prayer *Impone Domine* was drawn up, which the Church has prescribed for the putting on of the amice. As has been already pointed out, the earlier prayers do not suggest in any way that the amice was a covering for the head, but it was natural, when the shoulder-cloth was fitted on so as, for a few moments, to cover head and ears, that this temporary veiling should suggest the "helmet of salvation." Neither was this veiling always of short duration. It was probably first in the Religious Orders whose brethren were accustomed to walk in procession with their heads hidden by a cowl, that the sort of hood made by the amice before it was thrown back, was accepted in lieu of any other head covering. The sacred ministers, as indeed is done to this day among the Dominicans, Capuchins, Servites, and others, proceeded from the sacristy to the altar with the amice still covering their heads, throwing it back, as ordinary priests now remove their birettas, on entering the sanctuary. In certain French dioceses and elsewhere, the sacred ministers even left the amice un-

disturbed as a head covering up to an advanced point in the liturgy of the Mass. The liturgist De Vert, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, assures us that in his time at Paris, during the winter season, the amice was so worn down to the *Secreto*,¹ and that at the Church of St. Benignus at Dijon it was allowed to cover the biretta. Curious testimonies to this custom of regarding the amice as a species of head-gear may be found in the church inventories both of England and Germany. One of Cologne, in the year 1578, describes the amices as *Heubtdoecher* (head-coverings), and this is exactly paralleled by the sixteenth-century inventories of Lincoln Cathedral, in which we read more than once of "ammis kerchifs"—kerchief, as everybody knows, being etymologically only a corruption of *couvre-chef*.

By the end of the middle ages, however, it seems certain that the present practice of merely laying the amice for a moment upon the back of the head, and then at once adjusting it around the neck before putting on the alb, had been adopted in Rome and in many other places. It is hardly possible to offer any conjecture as to the origin either of this or of several other changes in the rubrics connected with the Mass, which seem to have been introduced about the same time. The new practice, however, is in each case fully described for us in the little treatise of Burkhard, the Master of Ceremonies of Pope Alexander VI., which is the foundation of the *Rubricæ Generales* of the present Roman Missal.²

THE ALB.

We are probably justified in saying that the alb as a Mass vestment is older than the amice, and perhaps even the oldest of all the articles of liturgical costume, but, as Father Braun very well points out, assertions in all these matters ought not to be made without a very considerable amount of caution. What is certain is that a long flowing garment made of white linen, worn underneath the other vestments, reaching to the feet and fitted with sleeves, was regarded in the ninth century as indis-

¹ De Vert and De Moléon give several other instances.

² It is interesting to notice that in the edition of Burkhard's *Ordo Missæ* printed (at Rome?) in 1511, the frontispiece, representing a priest in the act of saying Mass, is at variance with the rubrics given in the text of the work. The amice of the priest in the woodcut has evidently been folded back upon the chasuble *after* this latter has been put on, just as is done among the Dominicans now.

pensible to the becoming celebration of Mass. It was called *tunica linca*, *poderis*, *camisia*, and only sometimes *alba*, but it was undoubtedly identical in substance with the vestment which we now designate exclusively by the last of these names. Amalarius, adapting to the alb the mystical significance which Ven. Bede, in his treatise *De Tabernaculo*, attributes to the linen tunic of the Jewish ritual, explains how the alb covers the hands and arms of the priest, that they may do no vain works; his breast, that he may think no idle thoughts; his body, that he may not by gluttony make a god of his belly; his loins, that he may not mar the beauty of the sacerdotal character by a dissolute life; his knees, that they may not grow weary of bending in prayer; his legs and his feet, that they may not carry him along evil-paths. Two hundred and fifty linen albs are mentioned in an inventory of the monastery of St. Riquier (Somme) as early as the year 814, but there is also an entry of "six Roman albs of silk, with their amices embroidered with gold," which would seem to imply that the albs were not then made exclusively of linen.¹ The number of such vestments attested by the inventory confirms the conclusion to which we are led by the statements of Amalarius, and by the early monuments of Christian art, that not only bishops and priests, but also the subordinate ministers, notably cantors and lectors, were vested in the alb. Indeed, a garment called *alba* seems to have formed part of the ordinary dress of clerics in the ninth century, and the *admonitio synodalis*, as well as the ordinances of Riculphus of Soissons in 889, expressly forbid the clergy to say Mass in the same alb which they wear in every-day life.

For the ninth and subsequent centuries the facts are plain enough, but when we attempt to push our inquiries further back, we are met, not exactly by a lack of materials, but by a bewildering confusion with regard to names which makes positive assertion very dangerous. That there was a tunic of some sort called *alba*, which was used as an exclusively liturgical garment, admits of no reasonable doubt, but it seems almost equally clear that in certain regions or at certain epochs this vestment did not correspond with what we understand by an alb. In particular, the *alba* described by St. Germanus of

¹ In the light of Dr. Rock's remarks, *Church of our Fathers*, vol. i. p. 426, note, we think that there is something more to be said in favour of King Æthelwulf having presented silk albs to St. Peter's in 855 (*Liber Pontificalis*, ii. 148, Duchesne) than Father Braun seems to allow.

Paris in the sixth century, and referred to in the twenty-eighth canon of the Fourth Council of Toledo, seems to have been an attribute peculiar to the deacon, and to have represented rather the dalmatic as it was used from an early date in Rome, than the white linen alb with which we are now familiar. On the other hand, everything inclines us to believe that some kind of tunic, or liturgical under-garment, was in general use long before the eighth century. When we remember the very strong reasons which exist for deriving all our liturgical costume from the ordinary secular attire of Roman citizens under the Empire, so that in the first centuries a priest when preparing to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries was hardly if at all distinguishable by his dress from the congregation who assisted at them,¹ it seems extremely unlikely that the secular tunic which was in use at that epoch should not have had a liturgical counterpart. Now the tunic or tunics, for it was often the custom to wear more than one, were commonly of linen. *Interiora sunt enim linea vestimenta, lana exteriora*, says St. Augustine, speaking of the secular attire of his day. It would only be natural then that a linen tunic with long sleeves, for so the secular usage of the fifth century prescribed, should be accepted as the first requisite of any decorous liturgical costume. With these *a priori* considerations, the monuments of Christian art and the scattered statements of early writers are in substantial accord. Thus Sulpicius Severus, at the beginning of the fifth century, speaks of St. Martin of Tours as arrayed in tunic and *amphibalus*, i.e., chasuble, when preparing to ascend the altar, and a comparison with the language used by St. Gregory of Tours, St. Germanus of Paris, St. John Chrysostom, and others, as cited by Father Braun, renders it eminently probable that this tunic was white in colour. The mosaics of Rome and Ravenna bear similar evidence. It may be added that Father Braun is not inclined to connect this primitive form of alb with the white linen garment used by the Jewish priests in offering sacrifice. He points out that no such idea seems to have suggested itself to the mind of St. Jerome and other early writers, even under circumstances which would naturally have led to a mention of it; and that the frescoes of the Catacombs, notably that in the

¹ Father Braun has discussed this matter more fully in a recent article in the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, 1898, Heft 4. He inclines to the opinion that the Christians of the first five centuries made no distinction between liturgical and every-day attire, as regards the fashion or character of the garments worn.

Capella Græca, recently made famous by Mgr. Wilpert under the name of *Fractio Panis*, do not countenance this view. The general tendency of modern scholars is decidedly in favour of connecting all liturgical costume with the dress of the Græco-Roman world under the Antonines or the emperors who succeeded them. It is noteworthy that Honorius of Autun derives the white tunic, which was the ordinary attire of clerics in his day, from the corresponding garment worn, he assures us, by the senators of Rome.

It is hardly worth while to enter upon any discussion of the slight modifications of form which the alb has undergone between the ninth century and the present day. The chief feature of interest in the later history of this vestment is connected with the introduction, development, and ultimate disappearance of the "apparels" of which we have already said something in speaking of the amice. It would seem that some amount of ornament was at all times permitted in the alb as far back as we can clearly trace it, consisting, in most cases, of an edging or border of gold or embroidery, both at the feet and at the wrists. In the twelfth century, however, it became customary to sew on to the alb oblong patches of precious stuffs or rich needlework, which were intended to correspond with the colour of the vestments worn over it. Sometimes the pieces of embroidery which were employed for this purpose were exceedingly rich and elaborate in design. The inventories of church furniture in the later middle ages are full of descriptions of the rich quality of these *grammata*, *paruræ*, *plagulæ*—they were known by many names—and the wonderful designs worked upon them with the needle. The places in which these apparels were sewn to the alb were naturally those in which they were most easily seen. There were two at the bottom, one in front, and one behind, the two others were fixed to the sleeves just above the wrists, a fifth very often was used to adorn the breast, and there was sometimes even a sixth occupying a similar position on the back. It would seem that the most common number was probably five, and the liturgists naturally assigned a symbolical reason for this, pointing out that these richly coloured ornaments—"purple patches" in a more literal sense than that of Horace—typified the Five Wounds of our Saviour; those at the bottom of the alb the wounds of the feet, those at the wrists the wounds of the hands, and that on the breast the wound of the sacred side. So, even as late as Queen Mary's

reign, Watson, Bishop of London, as Dr. Rock points out, tells us that "as Christe was crowned with thorne and had his handes and feete nayled to the crosse, so in the amysse and albe of the priest there be tokens of these fyve woundes." Bishop Watson does not express himself very clearly, but he means, as Dr. Rock indicates¹ by quoting a parallel passage from Father Papebroche's *Propylæum*, that while the apparels on the alb betokened the Five Wounds, that on the amice, the "helmet of salvation," was significant of the wounds made by the crown of thorns in the sacred Head of our Lord. It seems a pity that this practice with its charming symbolism should have been allowed to fall into oblivion, but from the early part of the sixteenth century the use of apparels has been steadily on the decline. They still survived, and were regarded as objects of archaic interest in some few churches in the last century, but they have now practically disappeared. This change of ecclesiastical fashion seems to have begun in a development which reversed the process of their introduction. The oblong apparels above the lower edge of the alb, back and front, gradually expanded into a border which made a complete circuit round the bottom of the vestment; similarly the apparels on the wrists extended round the arm until they became cuffs. The movement, in all probability, was much accelerated by the great development of the lace industry in the sixteenth century. The splendid laces then produced were too attractive not to be applied to the embellishment of the alb, and they were obviously much better adapted to be used as borders than as patches. The extravagant length to which the use of lace has gone in our modern alb has often been deplored by ecclesiastical purists, but it is not easy to see that it more seriously changes the character of the vestment than the substitution of decorated silk for linen, which seems to have been tolerated freely in earlier ages. Liturgical history is full of such transformations, and none more extraordinary can be quoted than the replacing of the primitive altar frontal of woven material by a stiff frame of chased metal, or stamped leather, or painted wood, a change for which our strictest rubricians have not a word of condemnation.

St. Charles Borromeo is generally cited as the authority whose guidance should be followed in determining the fashion of the alb and other vestments, although, as Father Braun does

¹ *Church of our Fathers*, vol. i. p. 452.

well to point out, his directions can in no way be regarded as having force of law throughout the Church generally. For the ordinary plain albs St. Charles assigns very ample dimensions. They should, he tells us, be 6 cubits (5 ft. 8 in.) long, the circumference of the alb round the bottom edge should be 16 cubits (no less than 22 ft. 8 in.!), the arms should be 25 in. long, and 17 in. wide at the shoulder.¹ But it is interesting to remark that when the alb is provided with apparels, he is satisfied that its folds should be less ample, seeing that it can no longer be crimped and pleated so as to reduce its fulness within manageable compass. On the same principle it may reasonably be urged that the makers of the modern lace-trimmed albs are justified in adopting a more slender cut than that which prevailed in the sixteenth century. The pleating, for which St. Charles makes such abundant provision, seems simply to have been part of the same fashion which produced the Elizabethan ruffs, the farthingales, and the hideous trunk-hose, so familiar in the pictures of the period. No lady of that age respected herself unless she and her attire measured several yards in circumference, and it was quite natural for ecclesiastics of the day to suppose that the more they could do to convert themselves into bolsters, the more they were contributing to the beauty of God's worship. Mr. Richard Lascelles, at a slightly later period, tells an amusing story of a stalwart matron who visited her son in prison, and walked home before the very eyes of the gaolers with the prisoner cunningly stowed away under her farthingale. A Sandow, attired in one of St. Charles' albs, would have had little difficulty in performing a similar feat.

THE GIRDLE.

There is not much that is interesting to note about the girdle. That it was already recognized in the ninth century as a distinct item of liturgical attire is incontrovertible. Rhabanus Maurus and other writers of that age, while seemingly admitting that it was introduced primarily to fulfil the simple practical

¹ The accuracy of these interpretations in English measure cannot be doubted, for in the volume of the *Acta Ecclesie Mediolanensis* (Edit. 1599), which contains these directions, there is given the measurement of the exact cubit meant by St. Charles, which is the equivalent of $17\frac{1}{4}$ English inches. The length suggested by him for the apparel attached to the amice is also remarkable, being 1 cubit 6 unciae, with a width of 7 unciae. Such an apparel must have formed a perfect collar right round the neck.

purpose of preventing the loose, flowing alb from impeding the movements of the wearer, assign to it at the same time a mystical interpretation, pointing out that the girdle is symbolical of the spiritual watchfulness inculcated by our Lord (*sint lumbi vestri præcincti*—"let your loins be girded"). Similarly we find that prayers are assigned in most of the early Sacramentaries for the putting on of the girdle as for the putting on of the other vestments, an indication presumably that it was not regarded as less sacred in character than the rest. How much further back than the ninth century the liturgical *cingulum* may be traced is a problem which Father Braun does not attempt to solve very positively. If we may assume that the Stowe Missal really represents the ritual of the Celtic Church in the seventh century, no doubt can be felt that the *cingulum*, which is there included among the Mass vestments, had been distinguished at an early date from that worn in secular attire. The difficulty in this case only lies in determining when the girdle was first recognized as something set apart for Church use. The mention in the *Acta S. Salvii* of a cincture sparkling with gems and pearls, which is described as made of cloth of gold like the other vestments which he possessed, certainly seems to point to an early liturgical use, and the decree of the Council of Braga, in 675, which bids the priest wear the stole crossed on the breast, can hardly fail to imply the use of some sort of girdle.

The inference is further confirmed by a remark in the *Explanatio Missæ* of St. Germanus of Paris, in the eighth century, who pointedly mentions that the deacon's tunic should be left ungirded, and seems thereby to suggest that this was not the case with the tunic worn by the priest. It is another curious illustration of the close parallelism, explain it how we may, between the usages of the early Gallican Church and those of many Oriental rites, that amongst the Greeks to this day only bishops and priests wear the girdle; the deacon does not. This practice seemingly may be traced as far back as the spurious but early "Arabic Canons" of Nicea.

With regard to the fashion and texture of the girdles of earlier times, we must beware of allowing our ideas to be influenced too much by the usage which now prevails. The modern Mass girdle is invariably a cord which, though it may lawfully be woven of silk or gold thread, or even wool, still is usually free from any very elaborate ornamentation. The earlier girdles, to judge from extant specimens, were more

usually bands or cinctures, and not cords, and a great deal of beautiful needlework was often expended upon them. No doubt it is only the more exceptional and ornamental kinds of girdle which are likely to have been preserved, or to have been described at all minutely in inventories; but there is no reason to believe that the rare specimens we possess would have been considered singular or unrubrical at the epoch when they were first woven. It seems often to have happened in the case of these more richly embroidered bands, that the cincture itself was considered too precious to be tied in a knot, and was consequently provided with strings or ribbons which were drawn together and fastened, while the ends of the cincture proper hung down on either side. Perhaps these broad ornamental cinctures ought rather to be regarded as beautiful cases enclosing and enshrining the girdle itself, just as we may infer from many mediæval representations, that the archiepiscopal pallium of plain white wool was often sewn up in a jewelled and embroidered covering of silk. This is a point about which we should be glad to hear rather more than Father Braun tells us in his present volume.¹ When he comes to deal, as he promises to do in a future instalment of his work, with the episcopal ornaments, he may find occasion, in connection with the *subcingulum* and the apron, to treat the subject of these pendent ends of the girdle somewhat more fully. In the meantime it may be interesting to quote from him the description of the girdle formerly used in the coronation of the Emperors of Austria, and now preserved in the Imperial Treasury at Vienna. Although this girdle has in some sense no liturgical character, and was used only to fasten the alb worn by the Emperor in this function, it may probably serve as a good example of a mediæval *cingulum*. "It is made of heavy diapered silk, of a blue colour, and is scarcely the breadth of a finger." Let it be said in passing that many liturgical cinctures of the middle ages which are still preserved to us are much broader; some of them are real belts, three or four inches wide. But to continue: "Two silk strings are sewn on the inner side to fasten the alb conveniently round the chest. After it was fastened, the two loose ends of this *zona* fell down to the knees of the wearer, and by means of these ends the Imperial stole was fastened cross-wise over the breast. These ends are bordered on both sides by a row of pearls, and on the upper

¹ Cf. Rock, *Church of our Fathers*, vol. i. pp. 492, seq.

surface little pierced filagree ornaments of gold are sewn at intervals."

Although, as we have seen above, some of the earliest liturgists, in explaining the symbolism of the girdle, interpret it as the emblem of watchfulness, and point to the precept, *Sint lumbi vestri præcincti*, there has been a singular unanimity amongst those of later date in regarding the cincture as typical of priestly chastity. With this the prayer at present prescribed in the Roman Missal is in entire agreement. "Gird me, O Lord," the priest prays, "with the girdle of purity, and extinguish in my members the fire of unholy desires, that there may abide in me the virtue of continence and chastity." One isolated exception to this unanimity of interpretation deserves to be noticed for its striking originality. It occurs in a missal of Stablo, and there the priest, as he fastens the *cingulum*, is directed to pray, in the spirit of mediæval knighthood, "Gird Thy sword upon my thigh, O most Mighty, that I may manfully, and with firm assurance, fight for Thy truth against my enemies."

These remarks have extended to greater length than we originally designed, and we must defer to some other occasion the discussion of the three most distinctive and interesting of the Mass vestments—the maniple, the stole, and the chasuble.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Carmelite Martyrs of Compiègne.

I.

AMONG the servants of God whose future canonization is, at the present moment, under examination at Rome are sixteen Carmelite nuns, who were executed in Paris, one hundred and four years ago, on the 17th of July, 1794. A number of remarkable graces and several clearly marvellous cures have been lately obtained through their intercession, and, according to those best qualified to judge, their beatification is simply a question of time.

A short sketch of the holy lives and brave death of these devoted women may, under the circumstances, prove of interest. Instances of heroism were not wanting among the female victims of the Reign of Terror: delicately reared ladies, women of the people, mere girls, displayed a fortitude equal to that of their fathers and husbands. But these, although deserving of our warm admiration, cannot, in most cases, aspire to the honours of martyrdom in the strict religious sense of the word, their death, however unjust, being generally the result of their social station or political opinions. The case of the Carmelites is different; for, independently of the unusual holiness of their lives, they were executed solely on account of their religious vocation, of their fidelity to their monastic vows, and, we may add, of their devotion to the Sacred Heart. Hence it is that the proposal to beatify them has been favourably received by the Holy See, and that the negotiations on the subject have been carried on with rapidity and ease. Mgr. de Teil, a prelate who resides in Paris, has been invested with the official dignity of "Promotor" of the Cause. As we write these lines, he is leaving Paris for Rome, for the purpose of laying before the ecclesiastical tribunals the results of his inquiries and investigations. These results, we are told, are most favourable to the cause; ample evidence has been collected to prove the eminent sanctity and heroism of the

martyred Religious, and also the miraculous character of many of the favours obtained through their intercession.

The Convent of Compiègne, where our martyrs were trained to holiness, was founded in 1641 by Elisabeth de Louvencourt, widow of Antoine Trudaine, Treasurer of the Kingdom, and mother of a Carmelite nun.

Compiègne, a small town in the Departement de l'Oise, at a short distance to the north of Paris, stands close to the splendid forest of the same name. It possesses a palace where the Bourbon Kings occasionally resided, but whose days of greatest splendour belong to a later period, when the Court of Napoleon III. made Compiègne its autumn residence.

The first nuns of the new convent came from the Carmelite monasteries of Amiens and of Paris. They met with a kind welcome from the Bishop of Soissons, to whose diocese Compiègne then belonged. This Bishop was Simon Legras, brother-in-law to Madame Legras, who was St. Vincent of Paul's chief helper in the foundation of the Sisters of Charity.

The local authorities likewise showed the new-comers much respect, and before taking possession of their monastery, the nuns were invited to partake of a splendid "collation" at the Hotel de Ville.

Among the frequent visitors to the convent was Queen Anne of Austria. On one occasion she was accompanied by her son, the boy-king, Louis XIV., who carried a magnificent chalice which he presented to the convent chapel. Marie Leckzinska, the injured consort of Louis XV., on whose brow the crown of France weighed so heavily, was also a friend of the Carmelites. Her daughters inherited her love for the community, and when the youngest, Madame Louise, resolved to enter the Order, it was to the Prioress of Compiègne that she applied to procure her a serge tunic like that worn by the nuns. Until she obtained her father's leave to exchange a court for a cloister, the Princess wore this rough tunic under her costly robes.

When the Revolution of 1789 broke out, the Carmelite Monastery of Compiègne presented a perfect picture of religious fervour and peace. A few years before, in 1780, according to an established custom, the nuns received the visit of a high ecclesiastical dignitary, Monsieur Rigaud, whose mission it was to inquire into the condition of the community, and, if necessary, to redress grievances and reform

abuses. He was so deeply impressed by their fervent spirit, their strict attention to their Rule, their mutual charity and general perfection in all things, that he gave them no other advice but to continue in the same course. All those who, from one cause or another, were brought into contact with the Religious received a similar impression. The venerable Mother Julie Billiard, foundress of the Congregation of Sisters of Notre Dame, used as a girl to be a frequent visitor at the convent, and, in after-life, she was never weary of telling her own spiritual daughters of the Carmelites of Compiègne and their great holiness. It was thus that unconsciously the future martyrs were training themselves for difficulties and struggles of no common order, to be crowned by a cruel death.

Meantime, the political horizon of their country was becoming daily more threatening ; by a decree, dated February 13th, 1790, the Government suppressed all religious houses throughout the kingdom, and, a few months later, in August, the civil authorities of Compiègne made an official visit to the community. They solemnly informed the nuns that their chains were broken, their prisons doors thrown open, and they might now return to free and happy lives in the world. The Carmelites, one and all, replied that they were neither prisoners nor victims, that their mode of life had been embraced freely and gladly, that they desired no change ; on the contrary, that they asked but for the privilege of remaining faithful to the Rule they had willingly chosen. Their spirited answers, breathing a courage worthy of the valiant Spanish Saint, their foundress and mother, have been preserved word for word in the local archives.

Two years more passed by in comparative tranquillity, but on the 14th of September, 1792, they were peremptorily commanded to leave their monastery ; the Government having laid violent hands on all religious houses throughout France. They had no alternative but to obey ; sadly and tearfully they abandoned the cloistered home they loved so well, but their clinging to their Rule was too intense to allow them to renounce it without an effort. Unlike the greater number of nuns, who, when sent adrift upon the world, took refuge with their families and friends, the Carmelites of Compiègne refused to separate. Dividing themselves into three groups, in order to escape attention, they retired to private houses in the quarter of the town close to their old home. Here they continued to observe as

closely as possible their former mode of life under the guidance of their Prioress.

Upon this noble woman seems to have descended St. Teresa's mantle; brave and prudent, with the courage of a man and the loving heart of a true mother, she worthily discharged the duties of her office in times of peculiar difficulty and danger. Mother Teresa of St. Augustin, called in the world Madeleine Claudine Lidoine, was just forty years old in 1792. She had become a nun at the age of twenty-one, under the affectionate patronage of Madame Louise of France, the Princess-Carmelite of St. Denis, whose religious name she adopted on taking the habit. Her predecessor as Prioress was still alive, and between the two there seems to have existed a close and affectionate union. The ex-Prioress, Mother Henrietta of Jesus, *née* de Croissy, was a great-niece of Colbert, the famous Minister. She entered the Order when only sixteen; Queen Marie Leckzinska, who was present at her profession, is reported to have envied her fate, the Carmelite veil seeming to her less heavy upon the brow than the crown matrimonial of France. Mother Teresa of St. Augustin and Mother Henrietta of Jesus may be justly regarded as the leading spirits, whose sweet and powerful influence guided the virgin-band of martyrs through the narrow path of suffering to a glorious sacrifice.

Strangely enough, the idea of martyrdom seems to have been familiar to the Prioress; different circumstances contributed to lead her mind to this one absorbing thought. Some time before the Revolution one of the lay-sisters of the Monastery of Compiègne had a dream, in which she saw the members of the community clothed in white and holding the palms of martyrdom. This dream was so complete in all its details, so clear, so impressive, that an account of it was written down at the time, and occasionally, when the political horizon of the kingdom grew dark and threatening, the nuns reminded each other of the Sister's vision, and wondered whether it were not a prophecy of the fate that awaited them. In 1792, one day, when absorbed in prayer, the Prioress herself experienced what she took to be a revelation of the tragic destiny that was in store for the community; and deeply impressed and moved, she proposed to her daughters that henceforth they should daily offer up their lives to God for the salvation of their unhappy country. The following year, on the occasion of her feast, the younger Sisters presented Mother Henrietta of Jesus

with an emblematic picture, which they had painted, accompanied by some verses, that contained an allusion to the troubles of the times. One of the nuns having remarked that the verses seemed to point to suffering and death at no distant period, Mother Henrietta exclaimed: "Oh, my child, God grant that you may be right!"

That same year, 1793, the Mother Prioress, with the permission of her ecclesiastical superiors, went to Paris to visit her mother, who was just then in deep affliction. The execution of the unfortunate King had taken place, the guillotine was erected on the Place de la Revolution, now the Place de la Concorde, and numerous victims were perishing daily. One day, Mother Teresa found herself close to a cart in which were seated a group of prisoners, who were being led to execution. The Sister who was with her tried to lead her away. "O Sister," she exclaimed, "let me see how martyrs go to their death!" Two of the victims looked attentively at the nuns, who were standing close to the cart and whose countenances expressed their horror and sympathy. "They seem to tell us that we shall soon follow," said the Sister. "Oh, my child," answered the Prioress, "if God granted us this grace, our happiness would indeed be great!"

About the same time, at Passy, then an outlying suburb of Paris, a young girl of sixteen died in the odour of sanctity. She was attended by Mgr. de Maillé de la Tour Landry, a venerable Bishop, who never left France during the Reign of Terror, and who continued to exercise his sacred ministry under an assumed name and dress and amid a thousand dangers. Suddenly the dying girl opened her eyes wide and clasped her hands. "O Lord," she cried, "the blood of Thy confessors does not satisfy Thee; Thou requirest the blood of virgins!" and to the Bishop's questions she replied that she beheld at that moment a whole community of nuns executed the same day on the scaffold. "These virgins," she added, "wear white mantles; I see palm-branches in their hands and Heaven opening to receive them."

One who was present at the scene reported the seer's words to the Mother Prioress; the "white mantle" is, as our readers know, characteristic of the Carmelites. Mother Teresa appeared deeply touched. "I hardly venture to think that it is indeed our community to which God reserves so happy a fate! In spite, however, of my longing wish for martyrdom, may God

preserve me from committing the slightest imprudence that might cause pain or harm to any one of my Sisters."

II.

On her return to Compiègne, the Prioress resumed the government of her scattered flock, and, faithful to the line of conduct she had adopted, she continued to encourage her daughters in the exact observance of the Rule, while, at the same time, she carefully avoided any rash display, and lived with them in the strictest retirement. But even the quiet lives of the Carmelites excited suspicion at an epoch when none were safe. In the spring of 1794 they were accused of practising a "fanatical rule" in secret. On the 21st and 22nd of June, the houses in which they lived were searched and their papers and relics seized. Some of the former were considered as most compromising: a hymn to the Sacred Heart, a picture of the same, a copy of the last testament of Louis XVI., a few letters in which occurred the words, "priest," "novena," "scapular"—these documents found in their possession sufficed to stamp them as enemies of the State. They were therefore placed under arrest and conducted to the former Convent of the Visitation of Compiègne, now used as a prison. The community consisted at the time of ten choir nuns, one novice, three lay-sisters, and two *tourières* or servants.

Five other Religious had formed part of the community at the outbreak of the Revolution; one of these died in February, 1791, and another in October, 1792; the three others, with the permission of the Prioress, had gone to visit their families, where their presence was required, and thus escaped the tragic fate of the rest. One of these absent Sisters, Sister Mary of the Incarnation, who was thirty-three years old in 1794, never consoled herself for the loss of the martyr's crown; for many years she led a life of hardship and unceasing wanderings through France and Switzerland. In 1823, broken in health and worn out by suffering, she retired to Sens, where the Carmelites had established a convent, and died amongst them in 1836. It was she who, encouraged by Cardinal Villecourt, then Vicar-General of Sens, wrote the first history of her martyred Sisters.

In the prison of Compiègne the sixteen Religious suffered much from hunger and thirst. They were fed chiefly on bread and water, but the allowance given them was scanty and barely sufficient to keep them alive. Their sweetness and courage,

however, remained unchanged, and they gladly accepted all privations as a preparation for the end which they felt was close at hand.

Within the last few years, just when the negotiations for the beatification of the martyred Carmelites had been set on foot, an unexpected testimony to their patience and resignation was received from England by the Prioress of the present Convent of Compiègne. Within the same prison at Compiègne was confined a community of English Benedictines, with their Abbess, Dame Mary Blyde. During the times of persecution in England, they had sought safety at Cambrai, where they founded a monastery of their Order. But in 1793, although foreigners, they fell victims to the terrible tempest that swept away all the religious institutions of their adopted country. The fall of Robespierre, however, saved them from death, and they subsequently returned to England and settled at Stanbrook in Worcestershire. The present Abbess of Stanbrook has lately written to the Prioress of the Carmelites, who have now returned to Compiègne, to remind her of the sufferings endured in common by the Religious of the two communities a century ago. She quotes a letter of the Benedictine Abbess of 1794, in which Dame Mary Blyde relates that the captive Carmelites were confined in a room opposite that occupied by their English Sisters. "We saw them being led away by their jailers," she writes; "twice with great trouble I had the happiness of conversing with them." When, on July 12th, the daughters of St. Teresa were transferred from Compiègne to Paris, a portion of the clothes they left behind were given to the English nuns, whose representatives have lately divided these precious relics with the present Carmelites of Compiègne, renewing at the same time, after the lapse of a century, the affectionate interchange of sisterly greetings.

On the 12th of July, orders came to transfer the sixteen Carmelites to Paris. They bade adieu with their usual sweet serenity to the English nuns, who tearfully watched their departure, for in those days the prisoners who were summoned to Paris were considered as already sentenced to the guillotine. Obediently the nuns seated themselves in two rough carts, filled with straw, their hands tightly bound behind their backs, and a body of mounted police surrounding them. The journey lasted from the Saturday afternoon to the Sunday morning. Not once were their hands untied, and we may imagine the

fatigue and discomfort they endured, as also the fervent prayers that rose from their hearts whilst the carts joggled along the rough country roads in the stillness of the summer night.

We are acquainted with the two leaders of the little band, Mothers Teresa of St. Augustine, and Henrietta of Jesus. The others were Sisters Charlotte of the Resurrection, and Charlotte of Jesus Crucified, two aged nuns, who, after showing some signs of terror at the outbreak of the Revolution, displayed much tranquil heroism when the peril of their situation became greater. The Sub-Prioress, Mother St. Louis, and the portress, Mother of the Heart of Mary, were younger, and both were exemplary Religious. Sister Euphrasie was singularly intelligent. Queen Marie Leckzinska used to call her, "My sweet nun philosopher." Sister Teresa of St. Ignatius was surnamed by her Sisters "the hidden treasure," on account of the rare qualities concealed under a modest and retiring manner. Sister Julie Louise of Jesus was a widow, who in the world had been known as Madame de la Neuville. She was naturally timid, and the prospect of a violent death terrified her, but she steadily refused to separate from the community, and her courage, when it was put to the test, equalled that of her religious Sisters. Sister Marie Henriette was one of the most interesting of the group. She was just thirty-two and very lovely. Her family name was Annette Pelras, and she was born in the south of France of parents remarkable for their piety: out of her eight brothers and sisters, five became priests or nuns. Her courage was great, and throughout her imprisonment she displayed great presence of mind and an ardent enthusiasm, characteristic of her warm, southern blood. Younger than Sister Marie Henriette was Marie Jeanne Meunier, Sister Constance, who was only twenty-eight and still a novice. There were also three lay-sisters, Sister Mary of the Holy Ghost, Sister Saint Martha, and Sister Francis Xavier. Of these the last-mentioned was under thirty, and had made her vows at the beginning of the Revolution. Before allowing her to bind herself by solemn promises, the Prioress warned her that evil days were at hand for Religious Orders in France; she answered simply: "You may be quite easy about me, Mother. If only I am allowed to make my vows and to dedicate myself to God, I shall be quite happy whatever happens." To these fourteen Religious we must add the two faithful *tourières*, Louise and Thérèse Soiron, who, although not bound by vows, considered themselves as

belonging to the community. In happier days they had been employed outside the enclosure as the messengers of the convent ; when evil times came, they cast their lot in with that of the nuns, and refused to leave them.

Such were the sixteen victims, who, during that summer night, travelled slowly and painfully from Compiègne to Paris. On arriving, they were conducted to the Conciergerie, and ordered to alight. Their hands were still tightly bound, and Sister Charlotte, who was seventy-nine years of age and very infirm, endeavoured in vain to obey. Her cramped limbs could not move, and, her companions with their hands bound behind their backs being powerless to help her, one of the guards seized and flung her out of the cart on to the pavement of the court, where she fell bruised and bleeding. When she was raised up, she said gently, "I am not angry with you, but very glad that you did not kill me. I should have been deprived of the glory and happiness of martyrdom, which my Sisters and I hope for." Another nun, aged eighty, was equally forgiving : "How can we be angry with those deluded men," she used to say, "since they are going to open for us the gates of Heaven."

The prison of the Conciergerie, whose dark towers still rise on the left bank of the Seine, was filled with prisoners of every age and station. The Revolutionary tribunal held its sittings in the adjoining building, and it was to the Conciergerie that victims were brought from the other prisons, in order to be judged, condemned, and executed. To be sent to the Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror, meant to be sent to the guillotine, and many illustrious victims had crossed its fatal threshold never to return, when, in their turn, the Carmelites entered its gloomy precincts. In the previous month of October, Queen Marie Antoinette, after long weeks of agony, spent in one of its narrow, dark, and damp dungeons, had gone forth to die. A few months later, in May, her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, had passed through it on her way to death : brave, sweet, patient to the last, a true daughter of St. Louis. Among the motley crowd of victims that filled the prison in daily expectation of death, a holy priest, Monsieur Emery, the future Superior of the Sulpicians, contrived to exercise his ministry ; many were the souls whom he prepared for eternity, and reconciled with the God whom perchance they had forgotten.

Our sixteen Religious made but a short stay within this

famous prison. They arrived on the morning of Sunday, the 13th of July, and were judged and executed on Thursday the 17th. We know, however, that during those four days, their sweetness, patience, and submission won the hearts of their fellow-prisoners; for one of these, a vine-grower from Orléans, named Blot, happily survived the Reign of Terror, and from him many interesting details were handed down to Sister Mary of the Incarnation, the first biographer of the martyred Religious. Blot, who was imprisoned for having assisted a priest to escape, was employed by the jailers to help them in their attendance on the prisoners, and he was thus brought into contact with the Carmelites, for whom he professed a deep veneration, and to whose prayers he attributed his escape from death. He used to relate that these "holy ladies," as he called the nuns, asked him for a little burnt wood or charcoal and a scrap of paper, in order to write down a hymn composed by the Prioress to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. A copy of this hymn has been preserved; it has no pretensions to literary merit, but breathes an ardent love of God and a spirit of chivalrous generosity. Thus, in prayer and preparation for death, the sixteen Carmelites spent their last days on earth. They had no illusions as to the fate that awaited them; every day they saw their fellow-prisoners hurried away in groups of thirty and forty to the Revolutionary tribunal, and thence, the same day, to the guillotine. As a rule, the prisoners were barely informed of the accusations brought forward against them, accusations so vague, so improbable, in many cases so absurd, that it was impossible, even if it had been permitted, to refute them. In the space of fifty-seven days thirteen hundred and sixty-six executions took place.

III.

On the 17th of July, about ten in the morning, they were summoned to appear before the Revolutionary tribunal, which, as has been said, held its sittings in the building adjoining the Conciergerie. Eighteen other prisoners were tried at the same time as the Carmelites. The latter were accused of having conspired against the Republic, and of having in defiance of the new laws, continued to observe their "fanatical rule of life." As proofs in support of these charges, it was asserted that a hymn to the Sacred Heart, a picture of the same, a portrait of the late King, and other seditious emblems,

had been found in their possession, together with letters from *émigré's* priests, and firearms, evidently intended for the use of the enemies of the Republic.

To this last accusation, which had not a shadow of foundation, the Mother Prioress answered by pointing to the crucifix she carried in her hand: "These are the only weapons that were ever brought into our house," she said, "and I defy you to prove that we ever possessed others." To the accusation that letters had been discovered addressed to the community by the former chaplain, then in exile, Mother Teresa replied with equal good sense and generosity, first, that these letters, treating of purely spiritual matters, could not be looked upon as dangerous for the safety of the Republic; secondly, that the nuns not being allowed to correspond even with their relations without the permission of their Prioress, she alone could in justice be considered as responsible for the letters, if their existence was an offence; "If you require a victim," she added, "it is I alone whom you must punish, the others are innocent." "They are your accomplices," was the answer. The Prioress then endeavoured to save the two poor servants, whom their love for the community exposed to death, and who were accused of having posted the compromising letters. "They knew nothing of the contents of the letters," she urged, "and being servants what could they do but obey orders, without inquiry or remonstrance?"

Sister Marie Henriette showed no less courage; hearing that they were charged with fanaticism, she interrupted the public accuser and called upon him to explain his meaning. He replied that by "fanaticism" he meant their obstinate clinging to the ancient faith. "Oh, my Sisters," exclaimed the warm-hearted daughter of the south, "you hear what he says; we are accused and shall be condemned on account of our fidelity to God! What happiness is ours, we are to die for God's sake!"

As may be imagined, a sentence of death followed this mock trial, and the execution was to take place within twenty-four hours. They heard the verdict with joy; their eyes were raised to heaven, and a fervent prayer of thanksgiving burst from their lips. Only one of the servants, Thérèse Soiron, who until then had shown great courage, suddenly fainted away. But on coming to her senses, she expressed her sorrow for this momentary weakness, which was doubtless due to bodily weakness rather than to fear. By a refinement of cruelty, the revolutionists

of 1793 were accustomed to deprive their victims of food during their trial, in order to weaken their strength and courage. Hence, when, at mid-day, the Carmelites returned from the tribunal to their prison, they were still fasting, and the Prioress, anxious to give her daughters all the assistance in her power, sold a pelisse she still possessed to buy some food. She made the nuns eat heartily of this slight repast, encouraging them meanwhile with her loving and generous heart and heroic spirit. "They seemed," said an eye-witness, "as if they were going to a feast; they congratulated one another, and seemed impatient to die."

After finishing the meat which their Mother's vigilant love had provided, they knelt down and began to recite the Office of the Dead, and they were thus engaged when the prison door opened and they were summoned to execution.

They rose from their knees, put on the white mantles they had brought with them from Compiègne, and thus clothed in the livery of the Order they loved so well, went forth as calm, as sweet, as gentle, as recollected, as when they paced the tranquil cloisters of their old home in bygone days! The carts were waiting in the court of the prison; the nuns seated themselves, their hands tied behind their backs; and the mournful procession began its journey from the prison of the Conciergerie to the Place du Trône, now called the Place de la Nation, at the eastern extremity of Paris.

At the beginning of the Revolution, when the guillotine was first erected, the public executions took place in front of the Tuileries gardens on the "place," now called the Place de la Concorde, which was then known as the Place de la Revolution. Here the unfortunate Louis XVI., his Queen, the Princess Elisabeth, and countless other victims were beheaded, but, horrible to relate, the quantity of blood that was shed on the spot made the approach almost impossible, so that the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses remonstrated, and the hideous guillotine was transferred to the Place du Trône, in June, 1794. There it was in use during six weeks—that is, till the fall of Robespierre, July 27th—but during this short space of time more than thirteen hundred persons were executed.

When the carts began their journey through the busy Paris streets, the nuns intoned the *Miserere*, then the *Salve Regina*, lastly the *Te Deum*. Crowds of people were assembled to see them pass by, and at first insults and sarcasms, rough words and

coarse jokes, were heard on every side. Gradually a change came over the fickle multitude. The voices of the white-robed nuns arose above the noise of the crowded thoroughfare; the triumphant accents of the *Te Deum* floated through the sultry atmosphere of that July afternoon, and a sensation of awe crept over the spectators. In some hearts perhaps the sound of those sacred hymns awoke echoes of an innocent and distant past. And so the long journey was performed, at first amidst the tumult and confusion of angry passions and rough voices, then in solemn silence, till the Place du Trône was reached at last. The Carmelites descended from the carts and, as simply and naturally as though they were about to commence the Divine Office, knelt down, a snow-white group, at the foot of the scaffold. They sang the *Veni Creator*, and then in a clear, firm voice, renewed their baptismal and religious vows. Strange to say, the people, the officials, the soldiers, the executioners themselves stood by, silent and respectful! Not a word of impatience, not a hostile exclamation was heard; many of the spectators seemed, on the contrary, deeply moved; a few of them wept.

Having completed their preparation, they rose from their knees. The Mother Prioress, faithful to the end to the responsibilities of her office, asked to be executed the last, and her request was granted. The first to die was the young novice, Sister Constance. She fell upon her knees before the Prioress, who blessed her, then with a light step ascended the blood-stained staircase, singing the *Laudate*, which was taken up by her Sisters at the foot of the guillotine. "She looked," says an eye-witness, "like a Queen going to be crowned." After her came Sister Marie Henriette; her lovely countenance had never been so radiant. Like Sister Constance, she sang the *Laudate* until death silenced her voice for ever. Then one by one the others followed; the aged Sister Charlotte, ever forgiving, saying to the executioner: "I forgive you as heartily as I ask God's pardon for myself." At last the sound of singing grew fainter; of the sixteen who, a few minutes ago, had chanted the *Laudate*, only one was left. Mother Teresa of St. Augustine, having placed her charges safe in the hands of God, prepared to follow in their footsteps; in her hand she held a tiny statue of our Lady that the Sisters had, each in turn, kissed before ascending the scaffold; this she gave to a friend who stood near; then calmly and joyfully went to receive the martyr's crown for which she had so fervently prayed.

We read in the accounts of eye-witnesses that the bodies and heads of the victims were thrown into carts painted red and dripping with blood, and taken to a then lonely spot called Picpus, not far from the Place du Trône. It was here that between the 14th of June and the 27th of July, 1794, the bodies of the numerous victims were cast into a large pit, thirty feet square. Since those evil days, the relatives of the martyred nuns have bought the piece of land, and a convent and a church have been built close by. Against the wall of the little cemetery, one of the most impressive in Paris, a large white marble tablet bears the names of the sixteen Carmelite nuns who are buried here with so many other victims of the Reign of Terror.

In 1867, the daughters of St. Teresa returned to Compiègne, not indeed to their former monastery, but to another house, of which they took possession on the 18th of January, 1867. The ceremony was presided over by M. Le Rebours, Superior of the Paris Carmelites. In his discourse, he reminded his hearers that a special tie bound him to the Religious, whom he regarded as the daughters and representatives of the martyrs of 1794; his grandfather had, like the Carmelites, been executed at the Barrière du Trône, and was buried in the same grave as the sixteen Religious.

Many extraordinary cures and graces have been and are daily obtained through the intercession of the martyred Carmelites, and those who experience the protection of these holy servants of God are earnestly requested to communicate the favours received by them to the Prioress of the Carmelite convent at Compiègne. It is well known how severe and searching is the scrutiny into such matters of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It is hoped, nevertheless, that some miracles may be established with sufficient proofs to render possible the beatification of the brave women who so sweetly and bravely laid down their lives for God's dear sake.

C. DE COURSON.

In the closing days of Prince Charles.

V.

ON July 16th (1785) the Cardinal of York wrote to the Duchess of Albany, expressing his satisfaction with her conduct, but lamenting that owing to his own indifferent health, and want of time, he found such a close correspondence too fatiguing. He suggested, therefore, that Charlotte should open a correspondence with his private secretary, Canon Cesarini, so that he might still be kept constantly and accurately informed as to what went on at Florence.

The Duchess replies on the 19th; trusts he may be as well pleased with her when he knows her better, and urges him not to fatigue himself by replying to all her letters. She only asks for a kind word now and then, and to know that he is well.

She continues—

I ardently desire the arrival of the Abbé Barbieri, to make his acquaintance, and to open correspondence with the worthy Canon Cesarini. By his means there will be found a thousand ways of letting the King know of various matters that are to his own very great advantage. Everything is directed by your Royal Highness with such wit and wisdom, that nothing but happy results can follow. The King is more than usually suffering to-day. He complains much of his stomach, and has been obliged to stay in bed a great part of the day. I hope this indisposition may be temporary.

She apologizes for the scrawl in which she writes, being hurried for the post, and having been able to leave the King's room only for a moment. He has, however, been rather better for the last hour, and no doubt the *dérangement* of which he complains is owing to the great heat.

The Cardinal, nevertheless, was alarmed at the news, and a week later, the 23rd, Charlotte writes to reassure him with the news that the King's illness has had no ill results. "Thank God, he finds himself pretty well just now." She is beginning to

read Italian passably enough, and will have all the more pleasure in receiving Cesarini's letter in that language.

On the same day the Cardinal wrote again to her. She acknowledges his letter, July 26th :

The King goes on much better. He often complains more than he suffers, but still he always does suffer more than one would wish. . . . Alfieri is still at Pisa, and will not leave Italy until September, to go to Alsace. We were told yesterday that a horse he was fond of, in a fit of revenge, threw him and tried to kill him. That would have been a great loss for his horses ! M. le Comte de Banville, after whom your Royal Highness inquires, had an introduction here. He was received by the King, and we have often seen him during his stay in Florence. He is a young man of parts. He is travelling for instruction and health. It is worthy of you, Monseigneur, and of the largeness of your heart, that you should try to ensure a welcome for this traveller.

Madame, according to what they notify me from Paris, has planned several journeys, which clash with one another. The hope of obtaining a pension from England has decided her to go there next year, but Alsace offers her pleasanter pastime ; and as soon as the business of her dowry is settled, she will leave Paris. She had suggested to M. de Vulpian to demand from the King a hundred thousand francs paid down, but he replied that that could not be done, and that it was not usual to pay a dowry in advance. Her journey has not met with the success she expected. The Queen [Marie Antoinette] has refused to grant her an audience, and she has been informed that the sooner she goes away the better. She does not stick at the most perfidious schemes with regard to us all. If that harmed nobody but herself, she would be taken in her own nets, like so many others who give themselves up to wicked tricks. I find always a very sensible pleasure in thinking of the plan which will procure me the happiness of making the acquaintance of your Royal Highness.

There is not another letter from the Duchess for a week, but she has received two meanwhile from the Cardinal, who seems to have entertained some doubt of the sincerity of his brother's assurances of affectionate friendship, expressed, as they of necessity were, through the medium of a secretary, whose flourishes of formal endearment were too unvaryingly repeated to convey much meaning, much less conviction. Henry had always been sincerely fond of his brother, and was quickly concerned about his health, and anxious to know how matters really stood, and to make things comfortable and decent all round. The Duchess writes to him on August 2nd :

The King writes only what he feels, Monseigneur, when he would persuade you of his tender attachment, and his secretary is no more than the medium of his sentiments. The best way to appreciate this change, which I value so very highly, but the credit of which I must beg of your Royal Highness to allow me to lay to your account, is to let bygones be bygones, and to give our mind to the hopes of an unalterable reconciliation. The health of my august father seems to benefit from the advantage of seeing himself reunited to a brother whom he has reason to love so much; so we shall all be happy together. I shall like Italian very much, as a means whereby I shall lose no opportunity of having news of your Royal Highness. . . . I am not in the least surprised that Madame is dissatisfied with her journey, and is in despair at having lost the favour of your Royal Highness. She should not be so forgetful of gratitude. The last news from M. de Vulpian is that there are mischievous schemes afloat, and that the greatest enemy of the royal house is Madame. Her journey to England seems to be stopped for next year, but at the end of this month she should be in Alsace. M. de Vergennes is much displeased, and has advised her to keep quiet, and leave Paris as soon as possible. She wanted to play a dramatic part there, to be treated with royal honours. There was a scene in the Minister's audience-chamber, which displeased him greatly. An Irishwoman flung herself at Madame's feet, and implored her protection as Queen of England. In the English convents she has been received in that quality, but the Ministry, informed of her conduct, and of the wrongs and just complaints alleged by your Royal Highness, as well as by the King, is convinced of the truth, and fortunately she has lost all credit. She asked that her dowry might be paid at once, but M. de Vulpian replied to her that the King would never consent to it, and that she can claim no more than an annuity after we shall have the misfortune of losing him. I am very glad indeed that M. de Banville should have spoken of me so kindly to your Royal Highness. . . . P.S.—If your Royal Highness will permit me to tell you my opinion, I think it would be useless for you to take the trouble to speak to the King of the arrival of M. l'Abbé Barbieri. Since he will bring me your Royal Highness's commands, that will be sufficient grounds for my presenting him. I long much for the autumn, that I may pay personally to your Royal Highness my homage and respect. The time will seem very long to me, and I wish most ardently that nothing may come in the way of my satisfaction.

The Cardinal was still very uneasy, and wrote on the 3rd of August, but the interval between the arrival of his letter and the departure of the courier was too short to allow of a return-of-post reply. Charlotte writes on August 6th to reassure him again :

I shall eagerly look forward [she continues] to the coming of the Abbé Barbieri, which your Royal Highness is kind enough to tell me will be very soon. Your orders will be carried out in every particular as to the reading of the letter, as well as to everything else which it is your Royal Highness' pleasure to make known to the King by this channel. I congratulate myself beforehand upon this correspondence, being very sure that all which Canon Cesarini will write to me in your name, Monseigneur, will be doubly approved by my august father, who has very often spoken to me of him with the highest esteem and distinction.

I am surprised that Lord Caryll should weary your Royal Highness with long details about a business which is scarcely under weigh. The kindness of your heart, Monseigneur, allows me no room for doubt that you desire its success only to soften the King's lot by procuring for him a respectable subsistence.

She hopes his health does not suffer from the extreme heat they are having at Florence. "The King complains much of his leg, but, thank God, the sore is doing very well."

The Cardinal wrote on the 6th, and the Duchess replies on the 9th; assures him again of the sincerity of the King's sentiments; states that she was with him that morning when he opened his brother's letter, and saw how touched he was by it.

The next letter is dated eleven days later, August 20, an unusually long gap. The Duchess still expects the Abbé Barbieri; is concerned for the Cardinal's health, and begs him to take care of himself, while she ardently desires to pay her respects to him.

Madame la Duchesse d'Attri Salviati, whose friendship for me is beyond measure, and who has at the same time a certain amount of influence with the King, intends to suggest to him to-day that he should give me leave to go to place myself at your Royal Highness's feet. I have instructed her as to the tact she must use with my august father. She has quite grasped the idea, and I hope that next Tuesday I may have the satisfaction of announcing to your Royal Highness that the King has yielded to my prayers, and that he will even take the pleasure of informing your Royal Highness that I am wholly at your service. When he shall do me the favour of fixing the date at which I may be permitted to have the honour of visiting you, I shall begin to breathe. They have brought me a letter from your Royal Highness.

The Cardinal was ill with hay-fever, had headache and influenza. She wrote again on August 30, sympathizing, and recommending remedies, "fulmigrations," she had found successful in her own case. She was delighted that he had put

off writing to Charles for a post, for that gave time for the Abbé Barbieri to arrive. The Duchess d'Attry had gone to the waters of Pisa. The Abbé Barbieri arrived at Florence immediately after the date of this letter, and the Duchess writes to the Cardinal, September 2nd, that she has received him with all the warmth she must feel towards any one sent by His Royal Highness, and who can speak to her of him.

I enclose herewith, as your Royal Highness permits, my answer to Canon Cesarini. I fully understand what a point you make of it, Monseigneur. I was well assured of being dear to my august father, and just now he gives me the most constant proofs of it. Every possible sort of fancy comes into his head. He cannot be left alone: I shall forsake him, never to return, and a thousand worries besides which have exhausted all efforts to allay. Perhaps things will change upon the receipt of the letter which your Royal Highness is going to take the trouble to write to him. What is certain is that I will spare no pains to secure the privilege to which I aspire. What is unhappily equally certain is that what persuades other people does not always persuade the King. I hope very much that your Royal Highness will not allow yourself to be made anxious by the worries that your health causes you.

Charles, however, wrote to his brother a week later, Sept. 8th, acknowledging with much gratitude the Cardinal's amiable letter of the 3rd, evidently written immediately after receiving the Duchess's bad news.

The ails of which you complain [he goes on] would increase my own, had I not the pleasure of learning that you are in the way of recovery, and that with a little care there is reason to hope you will be speedily relieved from them. . . . I understand the obstacles in the way of your coming into Tuscany, and they distress me because of the privation they entail upon myself. It is undoubtedly a very great sacrifice that you ask of me. I would make it for nobody, and I think I shall thus prove to you in the most positive way the sentiments contained in my letters. In the first place, the companionship of my dear daughter is necessary to my happiness. It is only through her and with her that I am able to see company in my house without being bored. In short, I am wholly dependent upon her. Thus, the days I should be deprived of her would be very long days and very dull for me. I also believe, dear brother, that when you know her, you will know by experience what difficulty I feel in separating from her. Nevertheless, I overlook all these considerations because of my love for you and my desire that you may bestow your kindness upon her. I cannot but appreciate the anxiety she shows to pay her respects

to you. I see the goodness of her heart there, and I cannot refuse her the satisfaction. My own will be sincere if you do justice to the pleasure I take in pleasing you. It is in this hope that I repeat . . . unreservedly the sentiments of my tender friendship. My daughter will be the means of conveying them, and our ties cannot but be more closely drawn, being bound anew by the goodness, the sensibility, and all the estimable qualities that make up her character, of whom I grow daily fonder and fonder. I have much pleasure in remembering Canon Cesarini, who had the honour of accompanying you here. I beg of you to assure him of my most hearty esteem and friendship. I have been most happy to receive the Abbé Barbieri. It is sufficient that you should interest yourself in any one for me to be always ready to welcome him. Besides, he seems to justify the opinion in which you hold him. Accept, &c.

Then in autograph :

Your most affectionate brother,

CHARLES R.

Florence, September 8, 1785.

The Duchess writes on the following day :

Monseigneur,—My happiness is at its height. The King yields to my wishes, and I cannot let the letter be sent which announces those favourable dispositions, without adding to it the satisfaction I feel about it. My august father believes himself to have made an effort which will be agreeable to your Royal Highness, and as for myself, it gains for me the precious privilege of making your acquaintance and of repeating to you in person the sentiments your goodness demands ; also the hope, Monseigneur, that all that can be done to draw together two persons who are equally dear to me, will only increase from this happy date.

It only remains to me to hope that your Royal Highness's health should not come in the way of a plan which I only wish to hasten.

The meeting between the Cardinal and his niece accordingly took place—probably at Monte Freddo, as may be gathered from the letter of November 29th. It was supposed to have been at Perugia, though reports differed. Some assert Charles to have been of the party, which is certainly a mistake. What is quite certain is that Henry's really warm and always impressionable heart was wholly gained by the influence of Charlotte's personal charm and goodness, and that he persuaded her to bring her father to Rome, that his last days might be passed in close and affectionate brotherly union.

There is here a wide gap in the correspondence. The next

is from Charles to his brother, written in Italian by a secretary, and dated Florence, October 29, 1785.

Dearest Brother,—With infinite pleasure and complete satisfaction I have heard of your happy arrival in Rome, and with equal satisfaction of the anxiety and care you are giving yourself to furnish my palace for me. I offer you for it my very best thanks, and I long and desire with my whole heart the moment, not only the day, to assure you in my own person, and in Rome itself, of my affection and attachment. I must confess that on my journey, and always during my residence in Rome, I should very much prefer to preserve a strict *incognito*, and to have myself known by the title of Count of Albany, and my dear daughter will be called Duchess of Albany. I have been obliged for some days to keep my room and my bed, suffering much from spasms and severe pain, . . . but I hope to find myself relieved and comfortable in a little while. Meantime, I beg of you to have His Holiness informed of my intention to come to Rome and to prostrate myself before him with profound veneration and respectful homage, with a thousand other messages which I leave to you to make in my name. I embrace you tenderly.

Then the latest signature we have here of Charles Edward's : a few sprawling, shaky, blotted, almost illegible initials—"V.F.A., C.R."—*Vostro fratello affezionato, Carlo R.*

On November 1st the Duchess writes to Canon Cesarini, thanking him for wise counsel by which she promises to direct her conduct. She continues :

The King no longer proposes to live at Rome differently from here [which implies that Charles had been raising even at this moment the old hopeless question of his sovereign dignity and its recognition]. He goes there solely to live in the society of His Royal Highness ; to cement with him a confidence and friendship from henceforth unchangeable. This object alone will fully gratify his desire, and he will leave to His Royal Highness the care of procuring for him the precious opportunities of offering to His Holiness the sentiments of his respectful veneration, which is the other object of his journey. It is very wrong that His Royal Highness should have been fatigued beforehand with the details of our house-keeping. Of course the King will bring horses, linen, silver ; in short, all that is necessary and which will save him from being at the charges of His Royal Highness. It is enough that we should owe to his kindness and friendship the furnishing of the palace, where simple necessities will suffice to us for an establishment that, so far, is only temporary. The expenses of our removal from here and our journey are perhaps rather heavy for my august father, but it is too welcome an expense to be greatly considered. For the rest, we are going to Rome

that we may live a great deal with His Royal Highness; therefore, without any views of asserting ourselves. We shall have our household there on the same footing as here. It is only the extra expenses that we find a strain upon our resources. My own daily affairs will be ordered at Rome as here. It would serve to lessen the pleasure we look forward to if we should be a burden upon His Royal Highness; for it is the closeness of the reunion which we anticipate with so much pleasure which leads us to settle ourselves beside him, and the slightest inconvenience on his side would fail to meet our views. Assure him of this, I beg of you, my very worthy Canon. Forward to me the advice and commands of His Royal Highness. As we are going to make reforms, the Abbé Barbieri will send you on Saturday the list of the persons the King thinks of taking with him. Finally, I desire to meet half-way everything that can be agreeable to His Royal Highness, and to save him all the trouble possible. . . . The King goes on much better, thank God. I am writing to you from his bedroom. . . . I have been cruelly distressed at seeing him suffer. It is all over, but he will be obliged to stay in bed for a month or six weeks longer. We have time enough to arrange everything. I will reply on Saturday to your amiable letter of the 9th. . . .

[Signed] DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

I beg of you to give my compliments to Dom Andrea and M. le Général.

On the following day, November 2nd, she writes to the Cardinal:

Since you command me to speak to you openly, I do not know whether it is out of malice prepense that the doctors have applied so violent a remedy to the King, but what is certain is that there has been gross ignorance on their part, not to have foreseen the painful suffering which the blisters, which they left twenty-two hours under the soles of the feet, must naturally cause him. My august father has the blindest confidence in his doctor, who is a young man without experience. Your Royal Highness may well judge how perplexed I was at such a critical moment. Then another was called in, who last evening assured us that the King was quite able to bear the journey; that, in fact, the accident was occasioned only by the change in the weather to cold. But, thank God, the King is now in the best possible condition. He has eaten, digested, and slept fairly well the last two days. In the cruel perplexity in which I find myself, I should be almost afraid to give any opinion. Our journey has been disapproved of. I think they would like to prevent the King from going to spend money away from here. It is certain that I have found many people strongly of this opinion. Your Royal Highness can rely upon my care. . . . The King speaks, thinks of, and longs for nothing but the moment which shall bring him near to your Royal Highness, but prudence

requires us not to hurry, and to await the restoration of his strength, and that will take at least a month or six weeks. . . . The Princess of Santa Croce has written to me that she had the honour of paying her respects to you, and that she was going to exert herself promptly, according to your orders, to try to settle the affair of the dowry. It will be very pleasant to owe to your kindness some peace with regard to that interesting subject. . . . My august father begs of you to be good enough not to forget him in your prayers.

She writes again to the Cardinal on November 12th :

Your letter of the 9th overwhelms me with joy, as well as my august father, who is quite invigorated by it, and quite ready to set off, if only his legs did not refuse to serve him ever so little. I see, Monseigneur, that our interests and our arrival in Rome are in very good hands, . . . and that, owing to your happy exertions, the consideration your Royal Highness enjoys in Rome, and the friendship of the Pope towards you, we shall almost immediately take up the position we owe to you. . . . Your letter has made a good impression on the King. He speaks to me of nothing but his tender gratitude for your affectionate care, of which he has read again with pleasure in the letter you did me the honour to write to me ; and he perceives how all the pleasure of his residence in Rome depends upon you. There is nothing to add to the wise and lucid contents of the memorial which your Royal Highness has been good enough to send to me. I cannot, so far, foresee precisely the date of the reunion. . . . The health of my august father mends every day. Nothing is wanting but more strength to bear the journey. . . . I hope that between this and six weeks hence we shall be able to set off. I shall make a point of sending you news of the King by every post from now until then. It has always been my wish that the Florentines should talk little about us. I hope to finish with them as I began, and I go my own little way, following the wise advice that you condescend to give me, which confirms me in my principles.

The next letter is dated November 15th, and another followed on November 19th. In the latter, the Duchess acknowledges a letter from the Cardinal of the 12th.

The King earnestly charges me to assure [your Royal Highness] that he waits only for the moment of getting into his carriage, and that he will always find strength enough when there is question of proving to your Royal Highness . . . the sensibility with which he thinks of a reunion to which he looks forward with happiness and which will establish a harmony to be for ever unalterable. . . . I have performed the orders which your Royal Highness gave me in your last letter. I have written this morning to M. de Vulpian, and I may answer for him that he will do all he can to terminate to our complete satisfaction

all the worries which have arisen and which the most *difficulteuse*¹ of women raises for us. I hope to find your Royal Highness in perfect health. You can now be completely at rest as to the King's, and put away all uneasiness.

She sends her compliments and thanks to Dom Andrea and M. le Général for their remembrance of her, and will write a few words to the worthy Canon on behalf of the King.

The Cardinal wrote to her the same day, the 19th. He was evidently suspicious of his brother's delay in leaving Florence, seeing he was fairly well. St. Andrew's day was approaching, a feast which Charles had been wont to keep with furious conviviality. Perhaps he was contemplating one last orgie before settling down in Rome to sobriety and decency under the severe fraternal eye? But the Duchess replied on the 22nd :

St. Andrew's day would perhaps have had its perils in the past. Nevertheless, we shall keep the feast here. The King is still only convalescent and has been on the strictest regimen for a long time past. Your Royal Highness may be perfectly easy. Things are very much changed. M. de Vulpian may be trusted ; he ought to understand the turns of trickery, but Madame seems to me very strong at it. Do not doubt, Monseigneur, the sentiments which lead my august father back to you, and they cannot but increase, owing to all you have done for us to make our stay in Rome agreeable, and we are aware beforehand of all that we owe in the matter to your Royal Highness, and to the consideration inspired by your virtues and manner of life, which claim the veneration of the capital in which you reside. . . .

The King has fixed his departure for the 1st of December [which certainly looks as if he had some reason for wanting to keep St. Andrew's day, the 30th, in Florence]. He charges me to announce this fixture to your Royal Highness, begging of you nevertheless to let us know if it would not be rather imprudent to arrive at the beginning of the month. The King's health is very good, the weather is mild, and nothing can equal his eagerness excepting my own. . . . Will your Royal Highness be good enough to forward your commands to us? I hope they may not run counter to the pleasant anticipations we have that in a short time my august father will be able to prove to you, &c.

The next letter, dated a week later, November 29th, the eve of St. Andrew, is the last the Duchess writes to her uncle from Florence. After many expressions of gratitude for the trouble he was taking for their comfort, she continues :

Nothing will be changed as to the King's intention of leaving on Thursday, December 1st. . . . M. l'Abbé Barbieri, with whom we

¹ Underlined by the Duchess.

have just arranged our plans, assures us that by arriving at Rome during the daytime of December 8th, nothing can upset the plans of your Royal Highness. I have the honour of submitting to you the places where the King has fixed to sleep, and Roncigliane will be our last stopping-place. We shall be eight days on the road, taking our own horses, and I hope that with that precaution the King will stand the journey perfectly. His health has never been so good as now, and one can see that it is the happiness which awaits him that has worked this miracle. M. l'Abbé Barbieri, full of zeal and obligingness for all that concerns us, insisted on giving us yet another proof of his attachment by offering to accompany us as far as Rome. My august father has joyfully accepted so amiable a travelling companion. He will be our chaplain, and his kind prayers will be useful to us as well as his intelligence. The King hopes that your Royal Highness will be good enough to give your approval to this arrangement which was made only this morning, and which I must do myself the honour of communicating to you.

I am much distressed that your Royal Highness still feels the inflammation of which you complained at Monte Freddo. I beg of you to redouble your care for the preservation of a health which is so precious to us, and above all, to dismiss all anxiety. I dare hope that the satisfaction you are about to experience will greatly contribute to dissipate the troubles of a vivid imagination, which often aggravates those which are real.

The Florentine household was accordingly broken up,¹ and Charles with his daughter and attendants arrived in Rome at the appointed time. Unfortunately, there was a row upon their arrival: some clashing of those two royal wills. Charles was probably tired with his journey and found things not exactly as he liked them, in spite of his brother's pains to please. The Duchess writes a hasty line, dated only "Rome, at one o'clock, French time."

Monseigneur,—I have just time to inform your Royal Highness that all is arranged according to your wishes. Peace and most sincere repentance have succeeded the tempest of yesterday morning. The King wishes for nothing but to see your Royal Highness again. I hope you will be kind enough to yield to his wish. What joy I should have on my own account, if I might soon renew the homage, &c.

CHARLOTTE.

¹ Sir Horace Mann reported to Walpole at this date that "the Albany family" were going to Rome: that Charles had had an epileptic fit and his brother had been sent for to administer the Viaticum. This of course is inaccurate.

The sequel is well enough known: how Charles lived in Rome from his arrival until his death, January 30th, not 31st, 1788. Accounts vary as to his general conduct there, but there seems no reason to accept Sir Horace Mann's light and familiar assertion that "drink was now his only solace," which Ewald as lightly repeats. What is the better-proved statement is that he used usually to lie half-conscious or dozing. His house was well kept, all in perfect order and most comfortable, thanks to his daughter's care. He had moments of painful awakening, as when Greathead persuaded him to recall his Highland adventures; as when he fainted at the sight of Vandreuil, whose father had arrested him in Paris; as when he burst into tears, poor soul, at hearing "Lochaber no more." And all the time he held on to the idea that he might yet be called to his kingdom, and kept his box of twelve thousand crowns under his bed to be ready.

His wife lived meanwhile off and on with Alfieri, at Colmar and other places. She writes to Madame Alfieri, her poet's mother, in 1787, of her husband being better but "dragging out his miserable life abandoned by all the world, without relations or friends," which was not strictly true. "Vernon Lee," her warm apologist, while she admits the daughter succeeded where the wife had failed and effectually reformed her father, "turning him from a brute into a tolerably well-behaved old man," denies that Charlotte was therefore a better woman than her heroine. It was, she says, because Charlotte was in quite a different position from Louise; kindly treated and given more freedom. As if Louise had not been loved and petted too in her time! Charlotte was certainly older and wiser than her step-mother (if the relationship can be so termed), but she was also earnestly desirous of doing her duty, perfectly patient, and devotedly loyal to the charge placed upon her.

Louise, according to Alfieri, was overwhelmed with grief when news came of her husband's death: which looks as if there were kindly memories to recall after all, and consequent remorse. Immediately after, with curious taste, she took upon herself full royal state. Sir Nicholas Wraxall saw her in Paris in 1788, the very year of Charles's death, with a throne-room and servants, who were bidden to address her as a queen: in grotesque inconsistency with her lover's fierce hatred of kings. There are two of her letters, in Italian, in the Additional MSS. 34,634, written by her from Florence in 1801, to Cesarini, then

a Bishop. They are signed, "Luisa di Stolberg, Contessa d'Albania."¹

The Duchess of Albany died from the effects of a riding accident, on November 18, 1789. There is a large collection of letters relating to her illness and death, in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 30,466. The Cardinal formally announced the death of "his dearest niece" to foreign Courts and personal friends, but seized the opportunity of once more denying that there had ever been any question of her legitimacy and of her right to the title of Royal Highness; or even of Duchess of Albany, save as a title of affection.

The Historical MSS. Commission Reports refer to two letters from Miss Walkinshaw, written to the Cardinal on the occasion of her daughter's death, dated respectively February 15, 1790, and July 18, 1791. They are written from Paris and addressed to "His Majesty the King of England, at Rome." She was dunning him for money. Very occasionally one comes upon an English or Irish letter in which he is addressed as His Majesty. His Italian friends, such as the Lambertini family, with whom the Duchess died, invariably address him as "Altezza Reale Eminenza," which is presumably the address he preferred.

Drafts of his own very lengthy letters relative to his sister-in-law's affairs are to be found in Add. MSS. 30,476, written in very indifferent Italian, though it was the language most familiar to him. He wrote in French, as we have seen, with difficulty. His English he had almost completely forgotten, as can be seen in a certificate of confirmation he wrote for Mary Countess of Norton, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Albany, who stood godmother.²

A. SHIELD.

¹ Lord Cloncurry, in his *Personal Recollections*, gives an interesting account of her when she was living in Florence with Alfieri about 1799. After his death—she never married him—she lived with Fabre the sculptor.

² Add. MSS. 30,476.

By the Grey Sea.

CHAPTER XI. (*continued.*)

THE Rector spent rather a restless night, and forgot his studies the next morning in a round of parish visits, but after a cup of tea he settled down to work again. He would begin, as he had determined, with the most ancient authorities. Certainly it was a difficulty to get over that solemn change of name which the Gospels recorded. Protestantism had really no explanation to offer on the subject. The *Tu es Petrus* had meaning *only* for those who accepted Catholicism. On it—as the greatest of modern novel-writers has truly said, in a stirring passage in one of his most powerful books—has been built that mighty structure, the Catholic Church. It is surely impossible for any Protestant to read the train of reflections which the author places in the mind of Clive Newcome, as he wanders about St. Peter's at Rome, and reads the inscription which runs around the mighty dome, and not to feel the isolation of his position as an Anglican. How *absolutely* without meaning to the latter are those solemn words of our Lord: *Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed also in Heaven.* No, the Rector was by nature a truthful man, and as he sat down for the first time in his life to really study Catholicism, he found himself owning that those words had *no* meaning for any one outside the Catholic Church.

With a start he realized his train of thought, and set himself eagerly to prove that St. Peter was not at Rome. The first difficulty that presented itself to him was the fact that St. Peter himself clearly stated that he was—"The Church which is at Babylon saluteth you." He turned to the *Speaker's*

Commentary, to see if any objection could be made to the Catholic claim that this one text, if it stood alone, was sufficient to prove St. Peter's sojourn in the capital of the world, but the *Speaker's Commentary* was too careful to try and bolster up any such futile attempt. It set out frankly enough that there was an "*absolute consensus of ancient interpreters that here Babylon must be understood as equivalent to Rome.*" The paragraph in the *Speaker's Commentary* might almost have been written by a Pope, it concedes the fact so frankly. In holding the term to have meant anything else, the writer of the Introduction to St. Peter's Epistle declares, one would have to encounter the "*uniform, unvarying testimony of early Christian writers,*" adding that "*no other view was ever suggested before the time of Calvin.*" This was certainly startling. The Rector had spent the morning before in the study of the great Protestant writers, such as Dr. Cave and Bishop Pearson. Nothing could be more honest than the former's admission of St. Peter's bishopric: "*That Peter was at Rome, and held the See there for some time, we fearlessly affirm, with the whole multitude of the ancients.*" The Rector determined to turn up all the ancients quoted, to see if there were any other interpretation which could be placed upon the writings quoted, but a short time was sufficient to cause him to give that attempt up. Papias, who had heard St. John the Evangelist speak, confirmed the teaching of Rome upon the point, Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, followed on the same lines, and as a crown to all, Ignatius, the disciple of Peter and his successor at Antioch, stated it, too, at least, by implication. This was conclusive. It would, he felt, as an honourable man, be impossible for him to dispute the fact that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome. He would not be more backward in conceding the point than such great men as Bishop Pearson and Dr. Cave. There was much point, too, in the argument which had been advanced in favour of it, by an eminent and learned Dissenter, who reminds his readers that our Lord had foretold the death of Peter, and that therefore Christians would naturally observe the accomplishment of it, and that Rome was the only place that had ever gloried in the martyrdom of Peter! Yes, the Apostle sojourned and died in Rome, the Rector felt sure of that, and as to his bishopric of the place, well, a host of early authorities affirmed it, and *not one* writer disputed it till *centuries* later. Duncan did not mind

conceding these points. True, it made the Pope what he claimed to be, the successor of St. Peter, but that he did not mind. St. Peter was not referred to as Supreme Head of the Church, and Catholics declared he was that. So long as he came to no evidence on that point, Duncan felt he was safe; still it was with a mind ill at ease that he rose from his studies that day to prepare for his evening meal.

The next day and the next passed without Duncan being able to resume his reading, but on the third morning, a little after eleven, on his return from the town, he sat down at his table once more. It was a wet day, a gentle rain pattering against the panes. He had nothing to do till half-past six, when he had a meeting. It was impossible for Laura to go out, and there was no need for him to think of amusing her, because Miss St. Barbe had come to spend the day, and that lady was, judging from the frequent repetition of Laura's laughter, in one of her most amusing moods.

The Rector began by studying what he felt had already been practically proved, namely, that St. Peter not only lived at Rome, but was Bishop of that city. He turned first to the Council of Arles, at which British Bishops were present, and was startled to find the Council reporting to Pope Sylvester, and speaking of Rome as the "place in which the Apostles (Peter and Paul) sit in judgment," styling the Pope "most glorious," and asking him to communicate the Acts of the Council to all. But this was the exact language used at a Vatican Council in modern times, Duncan reflected. The Council of Sardica was no better—it honoured the memory of Peter—it spoke of appeals to the Head, to the See of Peter. How was it that in old times he had read—he *must* have read these things and yet had thought nothing of them, intent only on proving the indifference of the Almighty to man's faith, but now—now it was different. He sat down to Eusebius, the historian, and found him declaring that Linus followed St. Peter in the episcopate of Rome! And it was the same with others of the early writers—all speaking of "Peter's Chair," or Peter as Bishop of Rome. He tried St. Cyprian, but St. Cyprian was against him, and it was the same with Tertullian, Firmilian, Hippolytus, and so forth.

The Rector was still hard at work when Jane came to tell him the ladies had gone into luncheon. He sent back to say he was extremely busy, and asked for some sherry and biscuits. He drank the wine, standing by the fire, and ate his slight meal,

thinking deeply over what he had read. It was absurd to contend that St. Peter was not at Rome, and equally absurd to doubt that he was Bishop. He was not going to be unfair—certainly not. Admit St. Peter's bishopric, and the Pope's succession from him, what then? He didn't deny either fact. With the Protestant Archbishop Bramhall he agreed—one "*must be meanly versed in the Primitive Fathers who will deny the Pope to succeed St. Peter in the Roman Bishopric.*" No, he was quite ready to admit that what he had never thought before was undoubtedly true, that history clearly established the fact not only of St. Peter's Bishopric, but that Rome was ever considered the Head. To take one of many instances given in early writings, there was the letter to the Pope from the Council of Carthage, to be taken in connection with the Pope's reply. And it was the same with the writings of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, and a host of others. And then the Rector, having come thus far, sat down to re-read a passage from the first-named Saint, giving his reasons for remaining in the Catholic Church; and as he read, his face grew pale. Why, they might be the words of some Monsignore, dated yesterday, and written from under the very shadow of the walls of the Vatican.

"In the Catholic Church the agreement of peoples and of nations keeps me; an authority begun with miracles, nourished with hope, increased with charity, confirmed by antiquity, keeps me; the succession of priests from the Chair itself of the Apostle Peter, unto whom the Lord after His Resurrection committed His sheep to be fed, down even to the present Pope, keeps me; finally, the name itself of the Catholic Church keeps me—a name which in the midst of so many heresies this Church alone has obtained. So that though all heretics would fain have called themselves, and do call themselves Catholics, yet to the inquiry of any stranger, 'Where is the meeting of the Catholic Church held,' they dare not point to their own churches or house." Why, these words of the old, old time, were exactly the words of that modern Roman priest in his little house upon the Green! And as Duncan Rodney thought this he covered his face with his hands. He rose with a start as a tap came to his door, and a moment later Miss St. Barbe entered.

"Pray, Mr. Rector, why in the *world* do you quarrel with your bread and butter, by which, of course, I mean, why do you lurch off biscuits, which are not, and cannot be, enough for any man? You look very busy. What learned tomes have ycu there?"

Now, this was not quite a question the Rector wanted put to him, but he could not well refuse to answer. He was not going to be false either. He would tell the truth frankly.

"To be candid," he said, "I was looking into matters connected with your Church. I have not studied the question before."

"And may I ask what particular dogma is arresting your attention? If you like to smoke your pipe, I will sit and talk. Laura is gone to lie down for a little. It does her good in the middle of the day, I tell her, though she persists it does *not*. No, I'm going to sit on this chair, or none. I never turn a man out of his own particular chair in his own den. There, now you look comfortable. *Kindly* inform me *what* you are studying about us?"

"I was looking into the Petrine claims," the Rector answered, puffing out a great cloud of smoke.

"With the result?"

"That I allow the evidence is overwhelmingly on your side in two respects, namely, that St. Peter sojourned at Rome, and held the Bishopric there. Not only a host of early writers confirm it, but it seems to me all the greatest Protestant writers admit it. In fact to deny it would be, I think, to forfeit one's character for candour."

Miss St. Barbe held out her hand. "I congratulate you, you honest man," she said.

Duncan winced a little at her words. Honest! And he had agreed to read that paper at the Conference at Carswell.

"What do you mean to do?" Miss St. Barbe asked.

"Do!" exclaimed Duncan, angrily. "What should I do? I admit that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome—I admit with my own Archbishop Bramhall that the Pope is his successor. But that is not sufficient to establish your entire position. It does not follow, because the Popes succeed St. Peter in his Bishopric, that they succeed him in his Supremacy, or indeed, that he was himself the Supreme Pontiff of the Church."

"Why, then, are people so anxious to deny his Roman Episcopacy? But have you thought yet of the *Tu es Petrus*?"

"Yes, I have been studying that too, and have acknowledged to myself that it is absolutely unintelligible in any system but yours."

"Ah, just so. You mean that, as Peter was made the rock on which the Church is founded, in some sense, some grand and

striking sense, the Church was destined to draw from *him* the strength and firmness which holds her together ; and that in no Church save ours is there anything to correspond with this Divine arrangement. If our Church is true, and the Papal claims are true, any one can see that the Faith of Peter holds all together. But if our system is false, and yours true, tell me, pray, in *what* sense *your* faith can be said to rest on the faith of Peter ? ”

“ Of course it was Peter who laid the foundations—— ”

“ Laid the foundations, indeed ! Does a rock lay foundations ? Tell me *that*. Our Lord said Peter was to be the *rock*. Besides, a mere laying the foundations—by his Apostolic preaching, I suppose you mean—would not have kept the Church of after ages from declining from that teaching and falling into error.”

“ No, that is just my point. St. Peter was a rock, being guarded from error as to the faith, but his successors were not. In after ages unfortunately it is only too true that they fell into grave errors.”

“ Grave errors, indeed ! That's your private judgment. And *may not* that be wrong ? And *did* the whole Church err with the Popes, for it certainly believed what they believed. Eight hundred years of damnable idolatry ! as your Homilies have it.”

“ Yes, I must hold that the Church too has erred. All that worship—— ”

“ Then you hold that the words of Jesus Christ were *worthless*,” replied the lady, taking him up sharply.

“ I deny it,” hotly.

“ Pardon me—you said the Church had erred.”

“ Yes.”

“ But that, my friend, is the *very* thing—the *one* thing that Jesus Christ solemnly promised should never happen. All sorts of calamities were to occur, scandals were to come, and so on, but ‘ the gates of Hell were *not* to prevail against His Church.’ *If* the Church erred, the gates of Hell *have* prevailed, and—grand triumph for the Agnostics—Jesus Christ has proved a false prophet ! ”

The Rector started. “ I know,” he said, impatiently, “ your Church is built up, on that *one* text. If it had never been uttered, you would not have existed.”

“ Jesus Christ uttered it ! And—pardon me—there are *many* other texts to the same effect. Look at our Lord's

intimation to Peter that He had prayed for *him, his* faith was to be strengthened, and *then* Peter was to confirm his brethren. Again, to Peter is committed, not only the feeding of His lambs, but of His sheep too. It is the office of the shepherd to feed the sheep. Peter was to be shepherd *when* the Good Shepherd had quitted earth. He was to be the Vicar of God on earth. Do you remember our Lord on Maundy Thursday, how He said that the chief was 'to be as him that serveth.' The keys of Heaven were given to Peter. Look at these three things, and think of the titles of the Holy Father *to-day*. He claims like Peter to be the Vicar of God, the *Vicegerent* of Jesus Christ upon earth, and—you remember the words I have just quoted, uttered on Maundy Thursday?—well, one of the most beautiful of all the Holy Father's titles is that of 'the Servant of the Servants of God.' If the Church erred, then, I say, Christ *lied*. Yes, you shrink a little at my words, but, dear friend, if you look closely you *must* see that this *is* the position which the Church of England really assumes when she says there was need of a Reformation in the *Faith* of the Church. You said just now that we had *one* text. How could you say such a thing? Why, look at our Lord's promises over and over again repeated: 'When the Spirit of Truth is come, He shall guide you into *all* truth,' not, my friend, into parts of the truth, but into '*all* truth.' Now, does the Church of England *claim* to be a Church which can *only* teach truth? Why, it is the very thing she disclaims in her Articles! Her bishops and clergy are all crying different opinions, and there is no one to appeal to. But the great Catholic Church says, 'We have *all* truth.' Our Lord promised that the Holy Spirit should bring 'all things' to the minds of the Apostles. 'Go and teach all nations, and lo, I am with you always,' and then, as if seeing the heresy of the Church of England in the future before Him, He takes away all excuse for her position by saying, 'Lo, I am with you even to the *consummation* of the world!' How could He be with a Church which erred in faith?"

"You must have studied the question very hard," Duncan said, looking at Miss St. Barbe in wonder.

"Pardon me, no! I listened to Father Learmonth talk, and I thought a good deal about what he said, and—I am *not* fond of talking of myself or my affairs—I prayed 'for light,' and all in a moment 'the light came.' My friend, it will come to *all*

who are in earnest. Don't think I don't know what difficulties there are in *some* people's way, and how it requires great courage to sacrifice *all* for truth. I had nothing to give up in my case, except a few old prejudices—a few tender memories, of bygone years, bound up with the Protestant Church service. I had my own money, I was my own mistress, and no one had a right to interfere with me. Of course my sister, Mary Duncombe, didn't like my change of faith, but Mary Duncombe's opinion on any subject never weighed with me, though I love her dearly. As I said to her *years* ago, when she had got a colt, which she set great store by, and made me go down into Hampshire to see. 'You are the mother of one of the finest boys in Europe, but you are a fool in most things, and you don't know the hind legs of a donkey from the hind legs of a horse.' *Of course* the colt was worthless. Mary made an idiot of herself by letting the animal run at Stockbridge, for, being a St. Barbe, she wasn't influenced by what *I* had said. According to her, the animal was fit to win the Derby. In the end he was nowhere, ridden by a boy out of Mary's stables. It wouldn't have mattered if she had got Tom Cannon to ride. The animal was worthless, and naturally Mary's opinion on my religion wouldn't weigh with me, and *kindly* inform me *what* you make of those texts of mine?"

Disturbed and troubled as Duncan Rodney was, he could not keep back a smile at the lady's customary change without any pause from one topic to another.

"Well?" queried Miss St. Barbe; but still the Rector was silent.

"Are you sure you know what this Infallibility means which you object to?"

"*I'm not quite an idiot*," said the Rector, good-humouredly.

"You needn't be contemptuous. I have heard clergymen in my time preach that Papal Infallibility meant that the Pope couldn't sin!"

"Oh, I know," Duncan answered. "If that were the dogma, it would be hard to reconcile it with facts of history, wouldn't it?" sarcastically.

"Very," said Miss St. Barbe, quietly. "The great majority of Popes have been men of more than saintly lives, but some, especially at one particular period of the world's history, when everything was at a low ebb, were the very reverse. I don't know that there is much to be surprised at in that. It's the

same in most things. A woman, my friend, is at least *supposed* to be better than a man, but you may be sure of this—that if a woman is bad, she will be a great deal worse than a man. And it's like that with other things. If I want a *real* bad man, give me a bad Catholic. He will be a hundred times worse than a bad Protestant, because he knows better, and has the graces of the sacraments. A priest, if bad, will certainly be worse than a layman. The worst man who ever lived was a Catholic priest, you know."

"Oh! Who?"

"Judas," Miss St. Barbe answered quietly. "Depend upon it, my friend, if it had only been a little bread and wine he had received, it wouldn't have brought upon him the terrible judgment that it did. But we are wandering. You understand Infallibility then?"

"I take it that it means that what the Pope says as regards faith is true."

"Better informed than most Protestants," Miss St. Barbe answered, "but you are not *quite* correct. Men rarely are, I notice. If I were walking with the Pope in the Vatican gardens to-morrow, and asked him a question as to faith or morals, he would not *necessarily* be right. His position is such that every word he utters carries the greatest weight, but *still* what he said *might* be wrong. It is only when a question of faith or morals is definitely decided by the Pope as *Head of the Church* that he is infallible. That is what our Lord promised. I say," went on Miss St. Barbe, speaking slowly, "that on this dogma, *Christianity* stands or falls. It is absolutely contrary to reason—contrary to what we know of the justice of God to suppose that He could require a man to believe certain things, when there was *absolutely* no possible means on earth of finding out what those things were! As for instance, is, or is *not* Baptismal regeneration true? Is Christ in the Eucharist, or is it a lie that He is there? Has He left power to the sons of men to forgive sins, or is it a blasphemy to say that He has? Infallibility is the natural result of Christ's message to men. No other Church but Rome claims this power. What was the use of God's revelation to men, if there was no certain means of finding out what that revelation was? The Bible, you say. But who decided what books even make up the Bible, *but* the Church? One thousand four hundred years go by, after Christ leaves the earth, before there are more than a few MS. copies

of Holy Writ. There are over two hundred and fifty different readings of those very Scriptures, inasmuch as there are over two hundred and fifty Protestant sects in this country. No truthful person can deny that the Bible is capable of being read into different meanings by most honourable, truth-loving people, and that on *vital* points, too. God, when He sent a prophecy to men of old, sent a prophet to interpret it. And so with Scripture. If there is no one who can tell us for *certain* what the Scriptures mean, what was the use of the Scriptures? All the doctrines of the Catholic Church are in complete agreement with those Scriptures. I know that. The Church is the guide to them. 'Hear the Church.' God could never have given a commandment to men to hear a Church which might be teaching error. If there was a revelation, infallibility follows. Why should you be so overcome by this idea of Infallibility in a Pope when defining faith? You allow infallibility to the men who wrote Holy Scriptures! The Infallible decisions of all the Popes put together would probably not equal one-half the New Testament. Will God treat His children less leniently to-day than He treated them in the past?

"Depend upon it, it was a difficult thing for a man in Rome or Corinth eighteen hundred years ago to have a little individual pointed out, about whom there was nothing remarkable, a little man perhaps with bleary eyes, and to be told that he had written an infallible book! And yet that is *just* what many a Christian must have said to Pagans and Jews alike, who saw Mark or John or Paul walking down the street in front of them. Infallibility by the grace of God in the past is easy for you to understand, but Infallibility by the grace of God to-day is so difficult. But, my friend, 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' It is not more difficult for Him to cause a man to be infallible to-day on certain points, than it was hundreds of years ago. The agency is the same—the power of the Holy Ghost, which He promised should come to His Church and lead into all truth. Papal Infallibility is in *exact* conformity with God's actions in the past. And as we might expect, it is the only *workable* form of Infallibility. The Ritualistic idea of an Infallible Church is nonsense. Since the divisions caused by the Greek schism, and so on, according to them, the Church has ceased to be Infallible! If re-united to-day, some new question would probably arise. And whenever a split occurred, according to this idea, the Church would

lose its teaching power! But then again, Jesus Christ would have spoken falsely. What do you make of that?"

"I don't know," the Rector answered in a bewildered sort of way. "I must ask you to leave me now. My studies must end for to-day. I have some important letters to write before I go out."

"And you are not offended at what I have been saying, I hope?" Miss St. Barbe said.

The Rector smiled rather sadly. "I owe you too much to be offended at anything you might say," he answered. "Who would have nursed Laura as you have done?"

"Kindly do not make a mountain out of a molehill," Miss St. Barbe answered, giving him a friendly tap. "The labour has been one of love. *You* know that. Mary has her husband and her children. The 'boys' are growing up. What should they care for an old maiden aunt? I am all alone in the world. The one I had hoped to journey through life with spent something like six hours with me from the day our engagement was broken off till the afternoon came when his name was called! I don't complain. I go every day and see the Holy Sacrifice offered up, as it were, for my poor, sinful, old fellow, God bless him, wherever he is. So there's nothing to thank me for. The 'child' is *all* I have to love now. And loving her, shall I not tend her in her hours of need?" Then Miss St. Barbe smiled, and after a while the Rector was left alone.

It was tea-time when he saw the last-named lady again.

"Well," she said, "are the letters all written?"

He shook his head.

"What, none?"

Again he shook his head.

"What *have* you been doing?" she asked.

"Only thinking," he answered, "only thinking;" and so was silent once more.

And by-and-bye he went and walked on the broad Common-land—walked slowly and with bowed head, still thinking—thinking. The light had gone a great while when he slowly walked up to the door of the priest's house and stood still. Then after a time he turned and crept quietly away, and as he did so he whispered: "It is for her sake—for her sake."

Of him it might be surely said that night, "At her feet he bowed—he fell!"

CHAPTER XII.

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room
The jasmynes breathe, the murmur of the bee
Let not the joy of bird notes pierce the gloom
They speak of love, of summer, and of thee
Too much—and death is here.

Mrs. Hemans.

How the days passed that followed the evening of that lonely walk upon the Common the Rector himself hardly knew. He felt dazed, just as a man might do who was recovering from a severe illness, or some accident, but after a while he began to get over the effects of the vigil. At first he had said to himself that "the light" had come, and that he had turned his back on it, because Laura would be unable to live if he sacrificed everything in order to become a Catholic. When for the first time in his life he had sat down to the study of that religion which he had never really looked into before, in spite of its being the religion of the greater number of his brother-Christians in the world, he had seen that the evidence was overwhelmingly in its favour. All the early writers speaking of "Peter's Chair" at Rome, and so on, making use of language, as he owned to himself, which would be used to-day by any subject of the Pope—all this was startling indeed. But it was Miss St. Barbe's way of putting the doctrine of Infallibility before him which impressed him most. When one thought of God guiding the Prophets of old, and the Evangelists, and so forth, there was nothing but what one would expect, in His gift to the successor of St. Peter. Christ had given to the children of men as a sign of the true Church that it should possess unity. What unity was there in his own Church?—what resemblance to unity was there in it? Why, years before at Oxford he had been so disgusted at the divisions in it that he had come in his disgust to teach that God did not care *what* men believed, whether it was true or false! That had gone for ever from him now. Truth could only hate falsehood. Tractarianism had affected the Church of England so strongly, with this result that one half the body were now teaching the *very* reverse of doctrines taught for the last three centuries! If Jesus Christ was really the Son of God, there must be a visible Church, and like Him, it must be infallible.

It had been with these thoughts in his mind that Rodney had crept up to the door of the priest's house, intending to go in and acknowledge that he was beaten, but then had come the thought of Laura—Laura, so unsuited to bear privation and want, and he had turned away. For a few days he had been as one stunned, and then he tried to rouse himself, saying to himself that his nerves had been unstrung, that he had been affected by the conversion of his wife and her friend to the fold of Rome, and that the very fact of knowing that his bread was bound up with the Church of England had caused him to magnify his difficulties. It was absurd, the fright he had given himself. Those writings in the Fathers which had so impressed him were—and then the Rector always stopped his train of thought at this point, and tried to think of something else.

And yet, do what he would, his mind was rarely off the subject. One strange thing he felt was this—that the doctrine which he had always despised—the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Catholic Church—was now the *very* thing which made him feel sure that the religion which he had all his life treated with contempt was the true and only one. Rome was the only teaching Church in the world. "Go and teach all nations," our Lord had said, "behold I am with you all days to the end of the world." Certainly the Church of England did not teach. The Ritualist idea of an infallible Church was, of course, like most Ritualistic things, the height of absurdity. The Church is divided, they say, into three branches; until she is again united she cannot teach or define anything in any controversy! If the Church cannot teach, then Jesus Christ cannot any longer be with her, which would be an absolute breach of His most solemn promise to remain always.

The Rector, when his train of thought reached such a point as this, would start up and go forth and try and forget himself in a round of parish visits, or by tramps for miles along lonely country roads. It was thus he sought to drive away from him the whisper in his ear that there was—there could be *only one* true Church on earth, and that the only one with a *claim* to the title was the one whose Supreme Pontiff sat in St. Peter's Chair in the city built upon the seven hills. Duncan Rodney was only an ordinary man, but he had intelligence enough to realize at last what one of the most brilliant of modern writers has clearly recognized, namely, that the only possible position for a thinking man, if he be a Christian, is in the fold of

the Catholic Church, though, alas! he himself has been unable so far to accept what in the days of old was to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Gentiles folly! Had the light come to him as it had come to Miss St. Barbe? Yes, in his heart he knew it had. But it was different. As she herself had said—in changing her religion she had had nothing to give up except a few memories. But he had Laura to think of—Laura, in her fragile state; Laura, who was all the world to him, and who was really progressing at last because of the tender care and nourishment given her. For himself he would have lived upon a crust, but— And then, lo! whispered in his heart came once again the thought—“He that loveth father or mother or wife or children or lands more than Me, the same is not worthy of Me.” Hush! Away with such thoughts! No man could be expected to look on and see his wife—the wife he loved, adored—die before his very eyes! It was not in the power of humanity to rise to such a height as that. True there were saints in the calendar of the Catholic Church who had looked on and seen their children torn to pieces by wild beasts before their eyes for the cause that was so dear to them—the cause of Christ, but he was not a saint. And once more Duncan would strive to put these thoughts from him.

It was small wonder that with a mind so ill at ease the Rector began to look haggard. By nature—by the habit of his whole life he was a *truthful* man, and he was now tempted to act an untruthful part, and that because of one of the noblest and holiest instincts that can exist in man, namely, the love and care for the wife of his bosom.

“You are ill, Duncan,” Laura said to him once, looking up at him as he bent down to kiss her.

“No, darling,” he answered, quickly.

“But you are—at least you look so. You never looked like that before. Something is troubling you—won’t you tell me what it is?”

“Nothing—there is nothing. Why do you fancy such things?” he asked, almost impatiently of her; he, who was never impatient with her.

“Because you do not seem to hear when we speak, and often when Miss St. Barbe asks you some question, it is just the same.”

“I am very sorry I have been rude to a guest,” he answered, with his grave smile, “but Miss St. Barbe is here so much that

I have grown to look upon her as part of the family. You must tell her that, and then perhaps she will forgive me."

But there was no need to ask the lady's forgiveness. Miss Ellen saw the change in the Rector, and thought she knew the cause of it, believing that he was studying "the question" still, and she prayed always and fervently that "the light" might come to Duncan Rodney. She had no idea, no suspicion that already it had come, and that he was blinding his eyes rather than behold it. Do not be too shocked, reader! Remember it is a theological truth that in the great battle which is always going on between good and evil, that when Satan fails with the gross or more common forms of temptation, he summons to his aid some more subtle inducement.

"Why, Rodney," said Mr. Burton, coming into the Rector's study one bright morning at this period, "you don't look first class, by any means. Hang it! don't *you* get ill just as Mrs. Rodney is progressing. She is pounds better—pounds better. Keep on with everything—the valentin, the Brand's essence, and the port; and—Rodney?"

"Yes."

"Let her have a little champagne. I should very much like to see the effect of champagne in conjunction with a new medicine I have started."

"I will order some to-day," the Rector answered. "I do not think I can afford more than half a dozen."

"Half a dozen will do to begin with. 'Sufficient for the day,' you know, except that the word evil is not to be applied in connection with anything relating to dry champagne. Mind it is a good brand, Rodney."

The Rector nodded. "It shall be the best I can get," he answered.

Half an hour later the wine was ordered, and Laura had some for luncheon, and was to have more at dinner.

"It's done her more good than anything else," Miss St. Barbe said, when at five o'clock the same day the Rector came in to get a cup of tea. "Do you know she has been singing?"

"What!" exclaimed the Rector, his whole face lighting up. "What!"

It was months and months since Laura had been able to sing a note.

"One verse," he pleaded, "only *one* verse. One of my favourite Scotch songs."

And in the pretty little drawing-room of No. 8, Laura sang him "Annie Laurie" just as she had sung it on their wedding-night at Freshwater long ago. A while later and a cab stopped at the door, and the Rector's portmanteau was placed upon it. He was going to Carswell, to dine and sleep at the house of a brother clergyman, and to-morrow was to be the Conference. And at the afternoon meeting Duncan was to read his paper "On the Comprehensive Nature of the Church of England."

"The meeting will be over by half-past four," he said. "I shall be back in Littleton at 7.45 to-morrow evening, and as Miss Ellen is here to look after you I need have no anxiety. God bless you, child." His lips lingered long on Laura's. Then he pressed Miss St. Barbe's hand, and a moment later he was gone.

It was a bright morning, the next one. A November day can be very beautiful at the seaside, and the one that dawned over Littleton, the morning after the Rector's departure, was perfection. There was a clear blue sky, with little cloudlets of woolly whiteness here and there, just to break the monotony, and the soft air that came from the south, was laden with the breath of the strong, salt sea. Miss St. Barbe, as she passed down the terrace, on her way to the town soon after breakfast, carrying a medicine bottle in her hand, thought she would get Laura out about one o'clock. There was a mistake about the new tonic. Miss Ellen was sure of it. She would trust none but herself to go and see. She set great store by this new drug. She would be back in an hour, she thought, as with her head thrown back to get all the air she could, she passed out of sight round the corner of the terrace. And sitting at her low window old Mrs. Randle saw her go, and rose from her chair.

"The Rector is at Carswell, Anna," she said. "That woman has gone down into the town. Mrs. Rodney's alone now. The doctors are there every day. They are keeping it a secret from the poor creature that she's a dying woman. I call it a cruel wrong. Long ago, when first we heard she was ill, before her perversion to Popery, when she was a disbeliever in the Bible, like her husband, your Uncle Oliver urged me to go in and speak awakening words to her. 'Maria,' he said, after that sermon when her wicked husband denied the blessed teaching

of that Book, how the world was made in six days, 'Maria, go and wake that sinful soul from the slumber of unbelief.' It's worse than unbelief now! What's Popery but idolatry? What's Popery, Anna, but the turning away of the eyes of the sinner from a dying Saviour to fix 'em, Anna, upon virgins and saints and such like. I'm going, Anna, to tell that poor creature the truth—to say to her, 'Your husband and the doctors are deceiving of you. You're dying—just that; and what will your Popery avail you when you come to stand, a sinful soul, before your Maker?'"

"Ma, I think you'd just better leave it alone—I do indeed," the girl answered; "Uncle Oliver is all very well, but lor! he talks a lot of nonsense. Papists ain't no better or worse than other folk, it's my belief. Mrs. Rodney's as good a right to her opinion as we have to ours. I wouldn't go, ma. Harm will come of it. See if it don't."

"Hold your tongue, miss. Advising me! Remember the commandment—'Honour thy father and thy mother.' And speaking of your Uncle Oliver like that! It's my firm opinion that if we could but get speech with the Pope, the Man of Sin, as I call him, he'd soon give up his mummeries. I'm going to turn the eyes of that poor, sin-laden soul back to her Saviour, miss; *that's* what I'm going to do."

And along the terrace in the soft sweet November air, Mrs. Randle went. In the stillness which reigned Anna heard the tap of the crutch-stick die slowly away in the distance. Half an hour later and she heard it coming back quickly—far more quickly than usual. A few minutes later and old Mrs. Randle was in the room, looking red and frightened.

"My word, Anna, she took it awful! I ran away at last, I got that frightened. I thought as she'd have died afore my very eyes. There's Miss St. Barbe a going back now. Lord, be good to us, but I hope she'll be able to quiet the creature."

"You shouldn't have gone—I told you not to listen to Uncle Oliver. There'll be mischief come of what you've done. I had a feeling of it from the very first."

Old Mrs. Randle shivered in the warm, comfortable parlour at her daughter's words.

Miss St. Barbe had been to the chemist's and discovered the true explanation of what she fancied had been a mistake. There were two prescriptions—one only could be sent before that evening—that was all. She reached the door of No. 8,

opened it and went quietly upstairs. She entered the drawing-room with a smile upon her face. Then in an instant the smile was gone.

"My God!" she exclaimed, and ran to Laura. The young wife was lying back upon the cushions, the dark hair was disordered, the grey eyes gazed wildly at Miss Ellen as though she did not recognize her.

"Laura—Laura," she cried, "don't you know me, dear—don't you know me, darling!"

The light of recognition came back. She held out her arms to Miss St. Barbe and cried: "It isn't true—it isn't true—oh, *say* it isn't true."

"That what isn't true? Tell me, child, what you mean?"

"It isn't true I'm dying—*quickly* dying. It isn't true I'm leaving Duncan. Oh! say it," piteously.

"In God's name, child, who told you this?" Miss St. Barbe exclaimed.

"Mrs. Randle," Laura gasped. Her breath came and went so quickly. It was all the listener could do to catch the name.

"Mrs. Randle! How—when?"

"Just now—while you were out. She came into the door there," pointing wildly. "She looked at me as if she hated me. I think she was glad to tell it me. She came close to me and told me—that death—death was just at hand—that I had turned away from Christ—that I was going to judgment—all—all like that. Oh! say it isn't true that I am leaving *Duncan*—that they have deceived me. Yet it is—I see it now—that is why you give me all these things. O God! how hard to leave this beautiful world where I am so happy—oh! *why* couldn't I stay a little while longer with Duncan who wants me so. There are so many—many who long and pray to die—who have no ties of earth, why not take one of them instead of me? Ah! who will take care of Duncan who——" She stopped—she seemed to choke.

"It isn't true, darling," Miss St. Barbe exclaimed! "it isn't true. You are getting better every day—every hour—the doctors think it, I swear. Laura—my Laura—O God!" she screamed as the choking sound ceased and there came instead a great rushing stream of crimson blood!

Reviews.

I.—LIFE OF ST. HUGH.¹

ST. HUGH has been fortunate in his biographers, ancient and modern. The Latin *Magna Vita*, by his chaplain Adam, reprinted in the Rolls Series, is a faithful record, delightful and devotional. And now Father Thurston, after following on the track for years with the sagacity of a sleuth-hound, has produced in this volume a monument to the Saint's memory which we may confidently call final. When we have read it, we have read all that is known, or is ever likely to be known on earth, about St. Hugh. We must not fail to notice the engraving, from the portrait in the National Gallery. It well repays the trouble taken to procure it. The Editor of the translation, or as we should rather style Father Thurston, the Author of the *Life*, tells us in the Preface :

The book in its present form has entailed almost as much labour as the composition of an original work would have done, and the Editor has been more than once tempted to regret, when it was too late, that he had not cut himself entirely free from the trammels imposed by a rendering from another language. . . . Although the Preface, the Appendices, and occasionally portions of the text, of the French *Life* have been omitted, the printed matter contained in the book has been increased by more than one third, *i.e.*, by the equivalent of more than two hundred pages of the present volume. This is due to the large number of additional topics which have been dealt with in the text or in the notes, a list of which, under the heading *Additions*, will be found in the Index. . . . It may perhaps be worth while to call attention here to the facts, grouped together in the Index under the heading, "Liturgical Details." The *Life* of St. Hugh abounds in odds and ends which throw light on the ceremonial of the times.

¹ *The Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln*. Translated from the French Carthusian *Life*, and edited, with large additions, by Herbert Thurston, S.J. London : Burns and Oates. xxvi. 650 pp.

We would refer in particular to the Vision of the Monk of Eynsham, a vision of Purgatory, the influence of which, it would seem, may be traced in the composition of Dante's *Purgatorio*. Adam, the Saint's biographer, who testifies to the vision, was afterwards Abbot of Eynsham, a truthful and accurate observer, as Father Thurston proves. Again, we have a reasoned estimate of the character of Henry II., in which the monarch appears to better advantage than in the pages of modern historians. Henry's terrible sufferings in the other world are described by the Eynsham monk: still they go no further than Purgatory. St. Hugh's work at Lincoln Cathedral is told with loving enthusiasm for that grand edifice, the prototype of the Early English style of pointed architecture. The position of the Jews in England is well brought out, and the stories against them critically examined. Father Thurston estimates their numbers in St. Hugh's time at about 2,500 out of a population of between one and half and two and a half millions. St. Hugh died in the year 1200. Lincoln was a chief settlement of the Jews. At St. Hugh's funeral the children of Israel there mourned for the loss of the man who protected them in their rights. We must leave the reader to seek in Father Thurston's pages the account of the malady called popularly "St. Antony's fire," medically "ergotism"; also of a prodigy, certainly not always miraculous, the appearance of bleeding loaves of fermented bread.

The beauty of the character of St. Hugh of Lincoln strikes every reader of his life. He is eminently "a dear saint," a saint who encourages and attracts you, radiant in the midst of austerity, a saint like St. Philip Neri and Blessed Thomas More, in whom neither sanctity, nor that much more solemn thing than sanctity, the pious biographer, has been able to subdue the fun. We augur a large increase of devotion to St. Hugh among English Catholics as the reward of Father Thurston's indefatigable labours.

This is part of the death-scene of Hugh of Avalon, so called from his father's castle in Burgundy.

His pains went on increasing, and patient as he was, his continual cry was for rest. "O merciful Saviour," he said, "give me rest, give me rest." His chaplain, hearing his touching appeal, said to him: "My lord, the rest is coming soon. Your pulse shows that the fever is abating." The holy Bishop went on: "Blessed are those whom the Day of Judgment shall introduce to endless rest." The chaplain

answered: "The Day of Judgment is coming for you; God will soon introduce you to endless rest." "No," said St. Hugh, "the day of my death will not be a day of judgment, but a day of grace and mercy."

In this confidence he deserved to die, who had made the burial of the dead a work of predilection, even under most trying circumstances, as shown in a special chapter of this Life. His own sepulchre in his cathedral church of Lincoln was made glorious by miracles, and he was canonized by Honorius III. in 1220. About which time some one wrote this distich in his praise:

*Pontificum baculus, monachorum norma, scholarum
Consultor, regum malleus, Hugo fuit.*

Hugh was the Pastors' staff, of Monks the Rule,
Hammer of Kings, Oracle of the School.

The one regret that we have about this volume, possibly a foolish regret, is that Father Thurston has not translated directly the *Magna Vita*, and made his additions to that.

2.—KNABENBAUER ON ST. JOHN.¹

This volume will maintain Father Knabenbauer's reputation and that of the series to which it belongs. It is not so much a work to read through on end as to refer to, wherever one needs explanation or illustration of a particular part of the evangelist. Turning to those crucial difficulties which nowhere abound more than in this gospel, we find, for instance, that the "feast" of v. i. is taken to be the passover, thus adding a year, or something less, to the period of our Lord's public ministry. In accordance with this, the "four months and then the harvest" of iv. 35 is taken, not as a proverb, but as marking the time of the year. On this verse a theory put forward in the *Dublin Review* for April, 1890, is examined and rejected: its main contention, that τετράμηνος cannot mean a period of four months, is shown to be at variance with manifest usage. The word is a substantive, of the feminine gender, as Father Knabenbauer might have observed in the quotation that he gives from Theophylact. With Cardinal Wiseman, against Cardinal Franzelin, Father Knabenbauer divides the discourse

¹ *Cursus Sacrae Scripturae auctoribus Soc. Jesu presbyteris. Commentarius in Evangelium secundum Joannem.* Auctore Josepho Knabenbauer, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux. 592 pp.

of vi. 26—59 into two portions, the first being about faith, the latter portion only, vv. 48 seq., being the promise of the Holy Eucharist. We quite agree with him in this: but a phrase that he uses, "a figurative spiritual eating," seems to us unfortunate. "Eating" never means "believing," as Wiseman well shows.

We applaud the author's courageous utterance, in opposition to Dr. Westcott: "It is certain that John reckoned his hours of the day from sunrise." We also subscribe to his equally decided judgment: "From the harmonious narrative of the evangelists it is clear that Christ celebrated the paschal supper on the Thursday, and died on the Friday, but that the said Friday was not the solemn feast-day of the Jews. This is plain from our evangelist, and must absolutely be gathered from the narrative of the Synoptics." This means that the paschal lamb was slain on the Friday afternoon, as our Lord was dying, and Saturday that year was the passover. The institution of the Holy Eucharist is placed between xiii. 32 and 33, which involves the absence of Judas, now rather the common opinion. It spoils a dear lesson of our childhood. But we gain another lesson, equally salutary, against, not the profanation, but the neglect of the sacraments. For *spiritus ubi vult spirat*,¹ the A.V. version is preferred, "the wind bloweth where it listeth:" for which the convincing reason is urged that "the operation of the Holy Ghost is certainly not compared with itself." Of *quid mihi et tibi est, mulier?*² Father Knabenbauer gives a scholarly explanation, saving all the honour due to the Mother, but not favourable to our Rheims version. The words that follow he reads as an interrogation: "hath not my hour yet come?" *i.e.*, it has come. Of the history of the woman taken in adultery,³ he writes, in view of the decree of the Fathers of Trent: "We must hold that this section belongs to inspired Scripture: but that it is written by John himself is not in any way defined." Still he alleges signs of the hand of John here, as also in v. 4.

Father Knabenbauer learnedly demolishes the very existence of "the presbyter John," set up by Harnack as a distinct person from the Apostle John, and so author of the Fourth Gospel. He shows that the Apostles were called by Papias "presbyters," Commentators are copiously referred to, but one misses such names as Wiseman, Coleridge, and Westcott. In particular, for the genuineness of this gospel, the intrinsic argument should scarcely have been omitted, which Bishop Westcott urges so

¹ iii. 8.² ii. 4.³ viii. 1—11.

admirably,—that to have forged such a work out of a few legends, eked out by imagination, and to have made the characters in it live and speak as they do, would have required the genius of a Shakespeare. Now the flock of forgers are not geniuses: the Christian forgers of the second century, a somewhat numerous tribe, show themselves very much the reverse. Any one will think the less of this argument, the less he has studied and ruminated and made his own of the Fourth Gospel. For ourselves, we should like to see the figure of that wonderful forger, something more substantial than an hypothesis of Higher Criticism.

3.—PASTOR'S HISTORY OF THE POPES.¹

It is no doubt inevitable that the translation of such a work as Pastor's *History of the Popes* should somewhat lag behind the appearance of the successive volumes of the original. The very excellence of the rendering, supervised by Father Antrobus, is the best justification for the interval which has elapsed since Dr. Pastor published his third volume in 1895. Even as it is we have before us only the translation of the first half of that volume, but the contents of this instalment are exceptionally interesting. Savonarola and Alexander VI. are men who have supplied historians with matter for a more than lively debate, which has lasted four hundred years. Upon Alexander VI. Dr. Pastor has pronounced a verdict which is absolutely final and without appeal. In regard to Savonarola his views, since given to the public in a separate form, are, according to our judgment, based on impartial and thorough study of the subject, and will be confirmed, we believe, in the long run by the balance of Catholic opinion. The learned historian may perhaps be led by some leaven of German autocracy to speak a little too harshly on Fra Girolamo's disobedience to the Pope, but on the other hand, we thoroughly agree with him that one who wrote on spiritual and political topics as Savonarola did was acting under a delusion. Such a man may be a hero, and work much good, as Savonarola certainly did. But whether he is a fit subject for canonization is another question.

It is customary, and we fear that prejudice in this matter

¹ *The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages.* By Dr. L. Pastor. Vol. V. The translation edited by F. I. Antrobus, of the Oratory. London: Kegan Paul, 1898.

has had only too great justification in the past, to speak disparagingly of most of the translation work which is done by Catholics in England and America. The present volume with its predecessors is open to no objection on that score. Indeed, it contrasts most favourably with the sorry stuff which sometimes passes muster with the most eminent firms of publishers. Dr. Pastor fares much better at the hands of his translators than say Gregorovius or Taine. We are the more pleased to congratulate the editor and his collaborators on their very readable version, because we fear that in the study of the art and literature of the Renaissance, which occupies a considerable part of the volume, the book has to compete with the eloquent periods of the late Mr. John Addington Symonds, whose persuasive but distorted account of the movement stands sadly in need of correction.

4.—CYRIL WESTWARD.¹

Cyril Westward is a story "intended to illustrate the reasoning by which its author was led to relinquish a benefice in the Anglican communion, and seek admission into the one and only ecclesiastical body politic that can with truth be described as the Visible Church." It is not, therefore, an autobiography of deeds and events, but of a mental journey. The story is imaginary and slight, being only required to infuse a personal interest into the discussions, and to break them up into portions easier for digestion, an important matter in these days. On these lines we have for the hero a young man, destined for the Anglican ministry, who is nephew of a county squire, and of the squire's brother, the vicar of the parish. A Clerical Meeting at the Vicarage, which brings together clergy of different views, a Church Defence lecture, and a summer meeting at Einsiedeln, offer opportunities for discussing the endless shades of opinion and modes of reasoning at present existing in the Anglican communion. Mr. Russell writes with a practised hand, showing how fully he has noted and studied the currents of Anglican thought. It was, in fact, a real feat to pack so much into the compass of a small volume, and to do it with such skill that, whilst on reaching the end one realizes that no important argument has been left out, each has presented

¹ *Cyril Westward; the Story of a Grave Decision.* By Henry Patrick Russell, late Vicar of St. Stephen's, Devonport. Art and Book Company; Benziger, 1898.

itself in a perfectly natural way in the course of conversations bearing all the marks of spontaneousness. It must be added that the points are hit off invariably with perfect accuracy, and besides with a clearness and conciseness which makes them easy to grasp. It is difficult to give specimens, but we must give one or two. Here, for instance, is the testimony of the Council of Ephesus to the recognition of Papal Supremacy in the early fifth century.

Father Fairfield . . . translated from the well-known judgment of Philip, one of the Pope's Legates at the Council, which speaks of St. Peter as "the Prince and Head of the Apostles, and Pillar of the Faith, the foundation of the Catholic Church, who up to this time and always lives and exercises judgment in his successors"—"a doctrine," observed Father Fairfield, with a smile, "which a certain Anglican writer designates as 'new and therefore false.'"

"Did the assembled Bishops consider it to be new and false?" inquired Probyn.

"No," replied Father Fairfield. "On the contrary, Philip's statement of the doctrine was admitted into the archives of the Council as a matter of course."

"There must have been several *Eastern* Bishops at the Council," suggested Probyn.

"It was mainly composed of Easterns."

"Did none of them object?"

"Not one."

In the following bit of dialogue the true idea of Catholicity is very neatly brought out. The party is at Einsiedeln.

What a gathering of "devout men out of every nation under heaven," observed Moreland. . . .

"And such a jargon of languages all over the place, yet all speaking the same religion!" added Probyn.

"An object lesson in the meaning of the Catholic conception," suggested Mr. Gaudful.

"Which the effort after *national* Churches has utterly failed to supply," rejoined Moreland.

"Then you do not hold with the theory of national Churches?" inquired Probyn.

"I regard the theory as *pagan*."

"But is it not the theory of the Church of England?"

"I don't believe in the Church of England; I know of no such institution. . . . The Church of England, so called, is part of the Catholic Church, else it is *nothing*."

All these interlocutors, be it remembered, are Anglicans, described evidently from the life, out of the author's experience.

The humours of the Anglican position naturally come out in many passages, as, for instance, in the following, where Willstrong, just arrived from America, is asked whether it is true he is to be made a Bishop.

"No," he replied, emphatically. "I hope to save my soul as I am, but as Bishop I could not save it. A Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America!—think what that means! Would you like to be made an Anglican Bishop?"

"Think of the sort of people you would be required to confirm and ordain!" suggested Moreland. "And the first and most necessary step, I suppose, would be the excommunication of more than half your diocese for heresy, though through no fault of their own, poor things! But what is to be thought of a position in which a man cannot in conscience become a Bishop?" continued Moreland to himself.

The following, too, is admirably put. Mr. Seking having studied the question carefully, has determined that it is his duty to become a Catholic, when at the last moment he is withheld by that blind unreasoning fear which is often so disastrous.

Presently the words of Wisdom recurred to him: "Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offers." . . . What was the nature of the fear that held him back at the last? Was he able to define it? Was he able to say that it was something better than a scruple; that it was not a betraying of the succours that reason illumined after prayer and inquiry previously offered? Does God, then, speak to us by means of fears for which we can render no reasonable account, rather than through the reason enlightened by grace?

It will be seen from these extracts that *Cyril Westward* is fitted to be a manual for converts from Anglicanism. It may be warmly recommended to priests for that purpose. This is, we believe, Mr. Russell's first contribution to Catholic literature, and we trust it may not be his last.

5.—A SIMPLE DICTIONARY FOR CATHOLICS.¹

The Catholic Church, being a very vast institution, and at the same time very systematic in its methods, and very definite in its conceptions, has necessarily formed for itself a very elaborate terminology. This terminology is, as we know, often a pitfall for the uninitiated, as, for instance, in the case of the lady who was confident that Indulgences are sold among Catholics, because she herself had heard one announced as obtainable on a coming day, "on the usual terms." Even Catholics, especially recent converts, complain at times that they come across mysterious terms which they do not understand. It was a happy thought then of those who have the management of the Catholic Truth Society to provide *A Simple Dictionary for Catholics*. Those of us who can afford it have Addis and Arnold on our shelves, and this will still be necessary. But there is room for the *Simple Dictionary*, which costs only a penny, and gives us a handy definition of a really surprising number of Catholic terms, such as Cathedra, Roman Congregations, (Sacramental) Character, Sacramental Grace, Hypostatic Union, Irregularity, Indulgence, Mendicant Orders, Month's Mind, Nuncio and Internuncio, Propaganda, Scapulars. Some of the entries are full of information within their small compass. We may mention as specimens those on Theology, on Ignorance, on Title to Orders, on Veils. It must always be possible to detect a few omissions in the first edition of such a collection, and in view of future revisions we may point out as wanting, Domestic Prelates (about which the people are curious when they hear of a priest being "made a Monsignore"), Temporal Punishment, Apostleship of Prayer, Legate *a latere* (which they meet with in English history), Archbishop's Cross, Corpus Juris (which anti-Catholic controversialists are incessantly harping upon). Two definitions, we may add, seem not quite clear enough—viz., Immaculate Conception (about which Protestants commonly have such a false idea), and Sepulchre, where we would suggest that after "ordinary" should be added "but incorrect."

We hope that this little dictionary may be as widely used as it deserves, and especially we would recommend it for the use

¹ *A Simple Dictionary for Catholics*, containing the words in common use relating to Faith and Practice. Edited by Charles Henry Bowden, of the Oratory. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1898.

of journalists. Father Charles Bowden, who has prepared it, and must have spent much careful work upon it, is one whose name is a guarantee for its accuracy, and he well deserves our gratitude.

6.—THE WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER.¹

In the Riviera season of this year Father Bernard Vaughan preached a sermon on St. Mary Magdalen in one of the churches at Cannes. It is now published, at the instance, we believe, of some who heard it and found it useful. One cannot read it without feeling that it was well calculated to do good. Identifying the woman who was a sinner with Mary Magdalen, and with the sister of Martha—as he had solid grounds for doing—he takes up the few notices of the Gospel narrative and, without having recourse to a single forced inference, shows what a beautiful and instructive history lies behind, of one who, stricken with the sense of sin, was drawn out of her miseries and anxieties to the feet of our Blessed Lord, and discovered for the consolation of all ages, how full and perfect a restoration is through His Redemption open even to the most grievous of sinners. The sermon is well worth having by one for occasional spiritual reading, and it is also a good illustration of the kind of treatment of the Gospels which is aimed at by St. Ignatius's method of meditation. Carlo Dolci's *La Maddalena* is given as a frontispiece.

¹ *The Woman that was a Sinner.* A Sermon preached at the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Voyage, Cannes. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1898.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE demand for good original music for the service of Benediction is greater than the supply. The hymns do not lend themselves to elaborate musical treatment, and, as a rule, choice is made between the light trivial settings till recently so much in vogue in our churches, strict formal chants, and plain song. In the course of a modestly-written Preface, Le Père Médard Kaiser, C.S.S.R., the author of *70 Motets au Très Saint Sacrement* (Lethielleux), defends the severe character of his motets against probable objectors. Some of his motets are severe, but they are none the worse on that account; the author is at his best, indeed, when he follows severe models, as in his numerous settings, in simple four-part harmony, to the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum ergo*. These are well-written, though their inspiration is obviously derivative and church-like, if a little archaic. The duets are not so good, and the solo pieces, especially those for a bass or baritone singer are very poor. The latter contain undevotional, out-worn phrases, some of them by no means easy to sing, and their accompaniments are not sufficiently sustained for the organ or harmonium. On the whole, however, the collection is above the average.

Dulcissima! Dilectissima! by Robert Ferguson (Elliot Stock), is a little collection, partly of short essays, partly of sonnets and other verses. The name is taken from the first of the essays, which is also the best, being a prettily told story of a little girl's feelings on being shown by her father the newly exhumed remains of a little Roman girl of her own age. In the other essays the author makes some genial and gentle, but not always very profound reflections, chiefly on the habits of animals and the treatment they should receive. One essay entitled, *Conscience in a small Bird*, illustrates the ease with which intelligence can be ascribed to the lower creation. The author on one occasion saw a helpless sparrow on the ground, and a number of others

on the trees above, chattering and flying about in an excited state. At length they all set on the helpless sparrow, and despatched it with blows on the head. The author did not take long to discover the true inwardness of the tragedy. "These little creatures were working themselves up into a state of excitement in order to do a deed which had to be done, but from which in cold blood their nature revolted."

Draper's Conflict between Religion and Science (Catholic Truth Society) is by the Rev. M. O'Riordan, Ph. D., DD., D.C.L. Within the compass of forty-eight pages he contrives to give ample illustration of Draper's superficiality, and to show how all along the Church, instead of discouraging the pursuit of science, has striven to promote it. It is surprising too, when we bear in mind that they were without the modern instruments of scientific investigation, how discerningly some of the greater minds—all faithful sons of the Church—such as Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Gerbert (afterwards Sylvester II.), anticipated some of the great discoveries which we claim as the pride of our own age. The Galileo question is well treated by Dr. O'Riordan, though from the point of view of the Church's attitude to science rather than of her doctrinal Infallibility.

Miss Dobrée's powers as a story-teller (in the good sense of the word) continue unabated, just as the appetite for more stories continues in our young people. A second series of *Stories on the Rosary* (Longmans) supplements the previous series of last year, with five stories on the Sorrowful Mysteries, all very prettily and instructively told.

The Dissidence of Dissent (St. Andrew's Press, Barnet) is a tract by a writer who modestly conceals his name. He has had a good deal of experience in the ways of Dissent, but has reached his goal in the Catholic Church. He has given the history of his conversion partly in the form of letters written to his children, and to his former Dissenting co-religionists. A gentle and kindly tone pervades the tract, and it is evident that the author has an esteem for the well-intentioned piety of these former friends. It is for their sakes, to make known to them the claims of the Church, that he writes.

The Saints of the Rosary (Office of Rosary, Dublin; Catholic Truth Society, London), of which five numbers are before us—St. Raymund of Pennafort, St. Catharine of Ricci, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Catharine of Siena, and Blessed Innocent V.—are sure to be popular. They are only a penny each, but are

illustrated by most attractive and artistic pictures, on the cover and within—one, the Life of Blessed Innocent, containing no less than six of them.

Le Trésor du Doyen (Bulmer, Bolden, Durham), though written in French, is by an English north-country convert, and weaves a pleasant story out of the loss and recovery, which we fancy were real, of a valuable illuminated missal belonging to a certain Dean. It is sold for the profit of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

A Manual of Hebrew Grammar (Luzac and Co, London) is a translation by Dr. van den Biesen of a Dutch original by Rabbi J. D. Wijnkoop. The author innovates in some respects on the traditional explanations, especially in contending that where, according to the usual explanation, the second letter of a triliteral verbal stem is a quiescent, it is better to recognize that the stem is biliteral. The grammar is clear and scientific, but, if intended for learners, it seems a pity that the various grammatical terms should not be more frequently given in Roman as well as Hebrew letters.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (August.)

The latest theory of Jurisprudence on monistic principles.

V. Cathrein. Was there any State Persecution of Christians under the Roman Empire? *E. H. Kneller.*

The Poetry of the Divine Office in the Middle Ages.

Clem. Blume. The past history of the Serbs. *D. Rattinger.*

Marginal Notes to the Monographs on the Artists.

G. Gietmann. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (August.)

Supplementary contributions to the Mayence Biography of

Historians. *F. W. E. Roth.* The Authorship of the

Anima Christi. *D. Kehrein.* St. Paul's sole visit to

the Galatians before the date of his Epistle. *D. V. Weber.*

The History of the *Quarant' Ore.* *P. Norbert, Ord. Cap.*

Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (August.)

Dom Fontineau, of the Congregation of St. Maur. *J. M. Besse.*
Some of Calmet's correspondents (D. Olivier Légipont).
Dom U. Berlière. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (July.)

The Church which I sought and which I have found. *H. Nyblom.*
The "Cursus" as applied to the Critical Study of
Hagiographic Tests. *Mgr. Bellet.* Saint Rhadegund.
C. Bader. Primitive Materials for the Life of St. Francis
of Assisi. *F. Vernet.* Religious Art in the Salons of
1898. *Abbé Broussolle.* Tennyson. *P. Ragey.* Reviews.

— (August.)

The Educational Crisis. *M. Delfour.* A new book on the rela-
tions of Church and State in France. *H. Beaune.* The
Evolution of Universal Ideas according to M. Ribot.
E. Blanc. The "Cursus" and the Critical Study of Hagio-
graphical Texts. *Mgr. Bellet.* Tennyson. *P. Ragey.*
Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (Aug. 6.)

A Social Remedy of which none wish to think. Is not Masonry
a Political Association? Fra Gerolamo Savonarola. The
True Idea of a Sacred Conference.

— (August 20.)

The Encyclical of Leo XIII. to the Italian People. The
Encyclical of Leo XIII. to the Bishops of Scotland.
The Gunpowder Plot studied in the Original Documents.
Kant's Fundamental Error. Christian Asceticism in its
relation to the training of Youth. A Posthumous Work
of Armellini on Christian Archæology. Reviews, &c.
Prince Bismark.

The ÉTUDES (August 5 and 20.)

The Secondary Education of Girls. *P. J. Burnichon.* The Gun-
powder Plot. A Trial requiring revision. *P. J. Forbes.*
The Elasticity of Formulas of Faith, and its Limits.
P. L. de Grandmaison. Alaska. *P. J. B. René.* The
Rehabilitation of Hegel. *P. H. Chérot.* Reviews, &c.

The Development of *initiative* at College. *P. W. Tampé.* The
Centenary of Vasco da Gama and Portuguese Coloniza-
tion. *P. H. Prélôt.* A further word on Americanism.
P. H. Delattre. &c.

